We chide . . .
CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

. . . divide
DONNY & MARIE

. . . deride
GRADUATION PICTURES

. . . abide the
DOONESBURY trend . . .

. . . and (poetically) ride
SKATEBOARDS

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July '78
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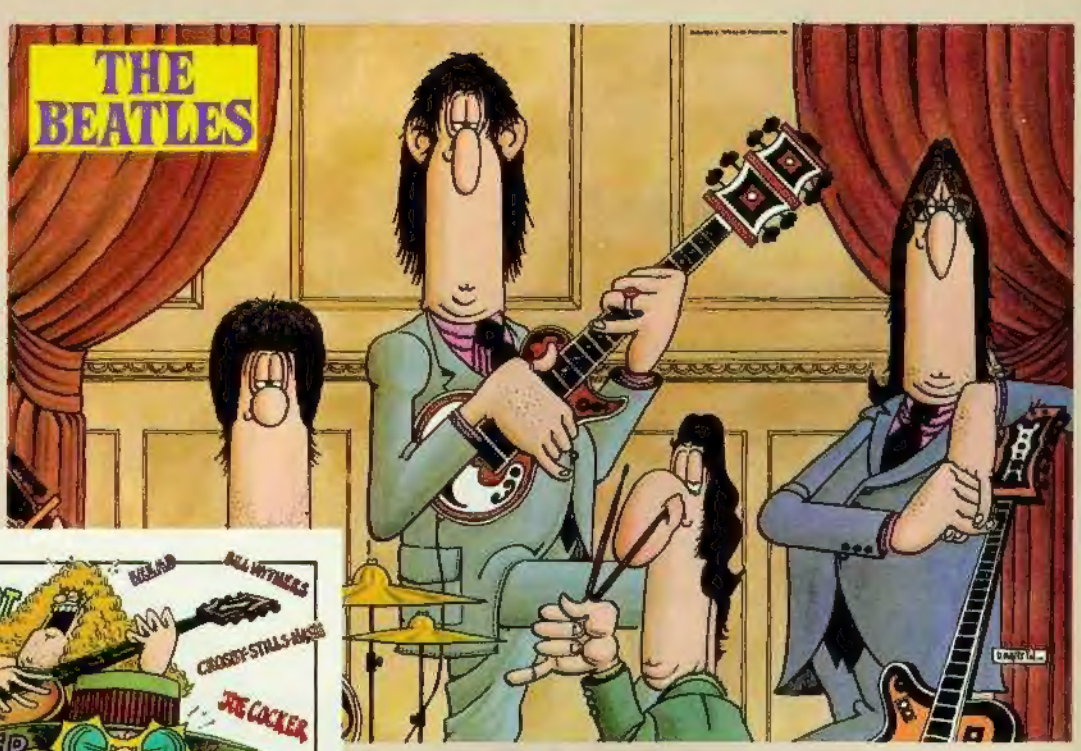

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NUMBER 200 JULY 1978

MAD

"Living it up is like taking out insurance . . . the older you get, the more it costs you!"— Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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VITAL FEATURES

"CLOD ENCOUNTERS OF THE ABSURD KIND" Pg. 4

THE RIME OF THE MODERN SKATEBOARDER Pg. 11

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CLEANED OUT!

Yep, we cleaned out our stockroom, and found millions more of these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid. They're swell for framing, wrapping fish or lining the bottoms of bird cages. They're not so swell for selling, as we've found out. So, c'mon. Help us to clean them out for good by sending 35¢ for one, 75¢ for 3, $1.85 for 9, $3.15 for 27 or $6.35 for 81. Mail money to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.

COMPUTER DISPUTER COVER

I enjoyed your front cover on #198. It's about time somebody cut down those disgusting UPC symbols, the blemishers of every product you see!

Anthony Milanese
Gibbstown, N.J.

I love the way you guys get back at people who force things like the "Universal Products Code" upon you. Just the thought of defacing your great cover with this symbol makes me UPChuck.

Alan Daughton
Syracuse, N.Y.

Everybody with eyes hates that UPC symbol. Since I collect magazine cover art from way back, I find it particularly distressing. It reduces everything to supermarket level.

Ken Anger
New York, N.Y.

Did you ever stop to think that maybe your yecchy cover will be defacing the UPC symbol from now on?

William Rooney
Notre Dame, Ind.

"THE DIP"

"The Dip" made me drown in a sea of laughter.

Eve Deem
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Hart and Drucker really went off "The Deep" end. "Is anything worth the terror of their 'Dip'"?

Paul Smith
Sarnia, Ont., Canada

Liked your "seaquel"!

Mark O'Neill
Crestwood, N.Y.

ADVANCEMENT OF HUMOR

I'm very pleased with your advancement in humor. I appreciate what you're doing to make the world a little happier.

Roxy Corlino
Westfield, N.J.

WHEN THE "UPC" SYMBOL TAKES OVER

I truly pine for the old-time "Mom & Pop" grocery stores whenever that malevolent UPC symbol reminds me that "Big Brother is watching!" the store.

Fran Bojar
Kearny, N.J.

Regarding Henry Clark's "When The 'UPC' Symbol Takes Over Completely", the man's an innovative genius.

Barbara J. Keiler
Chico, Calif.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES CATALOGUE

"School Supplies Catalogue" was very educational. You did, however, neglect to mention that the "Arctic Knight" gym showers, which filter out all hot and lukewarm water, channel *that* water directly to the drinking fountains.

Mary Moad
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Congrats to Tom Koch and Bob Clarke on "School Supplies". After great effort, I managed to acquire a copy of the Cincinnati School Board Supply Listings. An exact duplicate! However, you did forget unlightable Bunsen burners.

Greg Gast
Cincinnati, Ohio

Koch and Clarke forgot those metal-tipped, top-heavy, thoroughly unwieldy window poles that often bring down a shower of glass on some poor, straining Window Monitor.

Karen Carbone
Whitman, Mass.

It looks like my school bought *all* of the items!

Jim McDermott
Wantagh, N.Y.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE SYSTEM

"You Can't Beat The System" really hit home with me. I moved to Chicago six months ago and have been turned down repeatedly when I apply for credit cards to local stores. The reason: I don't have a sufficient credit record in Chicago, but obviously can't build a credit rating until I obtain some credit cards!

Judy Spira
Chicago, Ill.

AROUND NOON ON A MOVIE SET

Don Martin's "Around Noon On A Movie Set" was very hard to swallow!

Rick Dunlap
Park Forest, Ill.

Was the actress in Don Martin's "Around Noon On A Movie Set" an ape-itizer?

Lane Timmons
Baldwin Park, Calif.

MAD ONE-TIME-USE-PRODUCTS

What a match-up in Porges and Jaffee. A writer-artist collaborating with an artist's artist-writer's writer. Not to be a "One-Time-Use"!

Hames Ware
Pine Bluff, Ark.

"One-Time-Use Products" was the limit!

Laurence Abraham
Teaneck, N.J.

I think your "MAD One-Time-Use Products" article should also be put on the list of "One-Time-Use-Products".

Gwen Urdang
Providence, R.I.

LEGENDARY WIRE HANGERS

I was really hung up on "Some Legendary Wire Hangers".

Jill Southers
Encino, Calif.

BUS STATION CRIME

Don Martin's "One Evening In A Bus Station" was a real rip-off!

Greg Lamson
Agawam, Mass.

Rip Off?

TEN LITTLE BUSINESSMEN

Frank Jacobs' "Ten Little Businessmen" was regrettably realistic. May I add:

All the "Little Businessmen"
Who tried so hard to win,
Now stand in long employment lines
At Shell and IBM!

Andy Siedlecki
Dartmouth College
Hanover, N.H.

I never thought I'd write a serious letter to MAD but I read "Ten Little Businessmen" and I wanted to cry. It's an accurate picture of my beloved South Bronx, which I fled! All the grimy goings-on that culminated in it becoming a wasteland, where once there were dreams and hope.

Dorothy Parker
Levittown, Pa.

The "Ten Little Businessmen"
Was really quite profound;
City fathers, please take heed,
Or else we're ghetto bound!

John Rios
Los Angeles, Calif.

A WHALE OF A FOLD-IN

Happy to see Al Jaffee accentuated the fact that Japan and Russia were neck-to-neck in the race for depleting the number of whales, to the shame of the humane world. Maybe a subsequent Fold-In could show the recent winner of that race, Japan. Thanks to the slaughter of one thousand dolphins, close relatives of the whale, by Japanese fishermen, their country has finished first on both accounts!

Mary-beth Gadzik
New Britain, Conn.

We who love and respect whales are very grateful.

Chas Stevenson
Connecticut Cetacean Society
Avon, Connecticut

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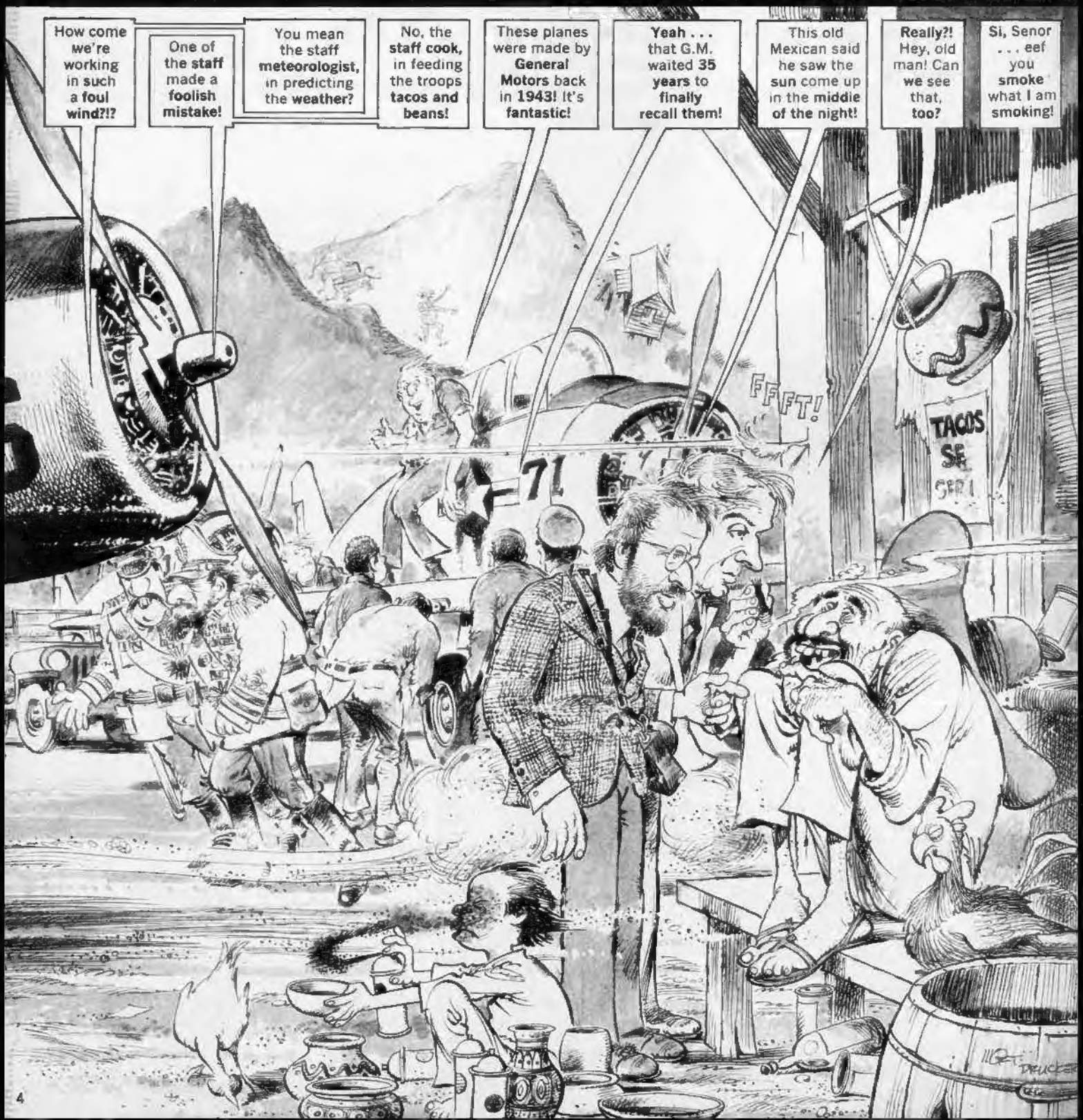
BOFFO UFO DEPT.

How about a big budget science fiction flick about real people coming into contact with creatures from outer space? Just ordinary people like you and me . . . facing a

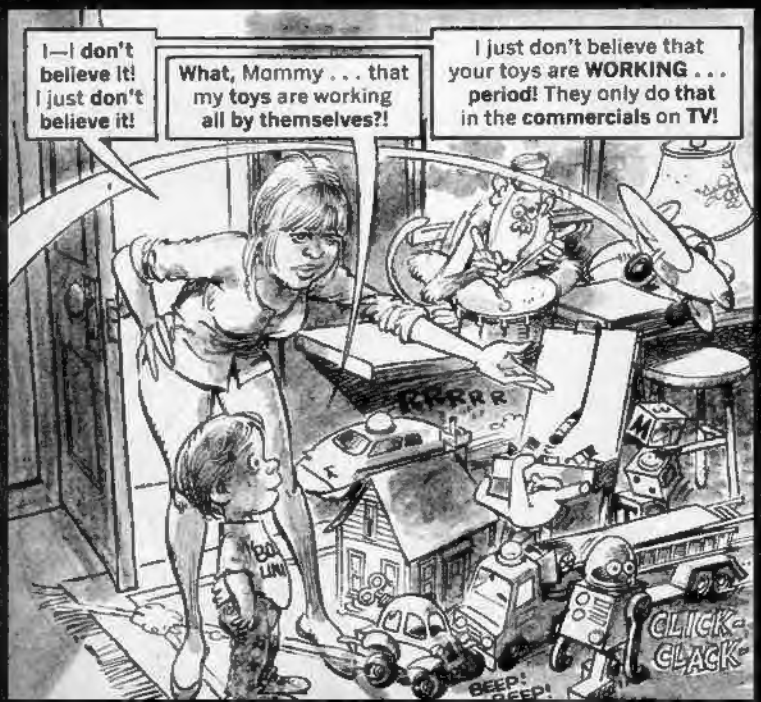
CLOD ENC



totally new experience! Sounds like a fantastic idea, huh? Well, somehow, between the idea and the execution, something went wrong, and what they ended up with was

OUNTERS OF THE ABSURD KIND

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART



There's a lot we don't know about going on out in space! I tell you . . . there's LIFE out there!

Maybe! There sure ain't none in HERE!

Hey! The lights are going out!

That means I get to go to work!

Not tonight, Honey! I have a headache!

I mean to work at my job at the power plant!

Hello, Dispatch! I— I can't understand it! This truck is shaking like crazy!

It's probably bad shock absorbers!

That could be! Except for one thing! I've been parked for the past ten minutes!

What in heck?!

That's either a U F O . . . or some wild High School kids on a date!

And—gulp—I'm not sure which is more frightening!

Look at that speed! The cops will never catch them! Now I'm sure what that is— High School kids on a date!

No, it must be creatures from outer space!

How can you be sure??

They weren't throwing beer cans out the windows!

Wasn't it exciting last night, Cloy . . .?!

It sure was!

I mean when the power failure came, and we couldn't see each other, and you came into my bed, and we made love so savagely— so passionately—so fiercely! Wasn't it—you know—romantic!?

Maybe for you, but not for me!

Gee . . . why not?

Because I was out on the job at the time!

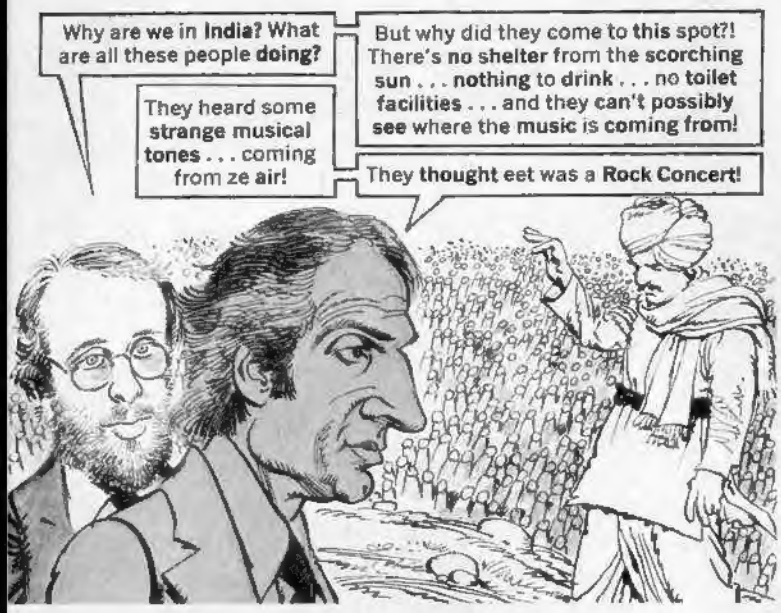
What was REALLY exciting was . . . I made contact with a U F O last night!

Aw, c'mon, willya!

I mean it! It came so close to me, it's glow burned half my face!

Where're you going?

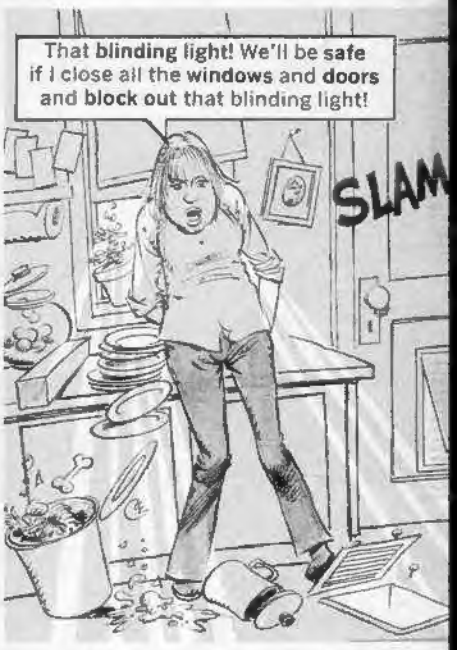
Out to find it again, so I can get the other half burned! Then, our neighbors will think we've been to Miami Beach on a vacation!

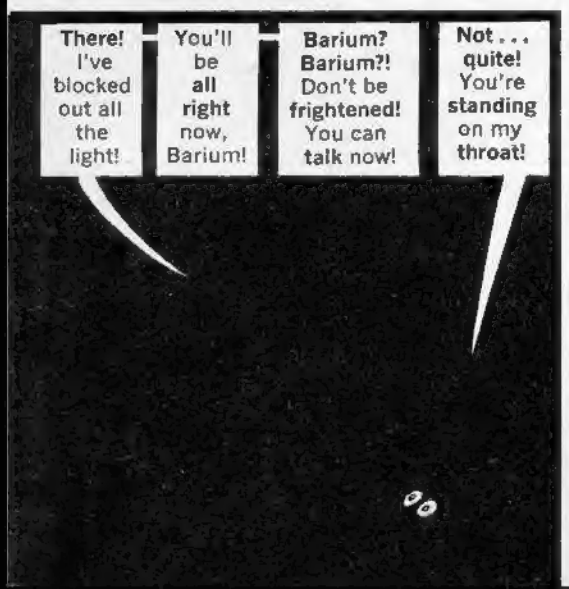

Why are we in India? What are all these people doing?
They heard some strange musical tones . . . coming from ze air!
But why did they come to this spot?! There's no shelter from the scorching sun . . . nothing to drink . . . no toilet facilities . . . and they can't possibly see where the music is coming from!
They thought eet was a Rock Concert!

I've got it! Look! If we convert those tones they heard in India into numbers and letters, we get "G-47" . . . "N-33" . . . "O-72" and "B-12"!!
Ah-hah! Zat is eet! Zat is eet! Mon dieu, we haf intercepted an inter-galactic "Bingo" game!
No, I think they're global coordinates! Someone . . . or some thing from outer space is trying to arrange a meeting with us somewhere!

Beep!
Boop!
Bing!
Bong!
What are you doing, Barium?
I'm calling all my friends on the space ship out there . . .
Dopey kid! You'll outgrow all your silly fantasies by the time you're sixteen—which—unfortunately, is next year!

See? I told you, Mommy!
I wish I could call a cab that easily!


That blinding light! We'll be safe if I close all the windows and doors and block out that blinding light!
SLAM


There! I've blocked out all the light!
You'll be all right now, Barium!
Barium? Barium?! Don't be frightened! You can talk now!
Not . . . quite! You're standing on my throat!

Goodbye, Mommy! I'm going away . . .
No! NO!! I won't let them take you! I won't!
Why not . . .??
You haven't cleaned your room yet!!

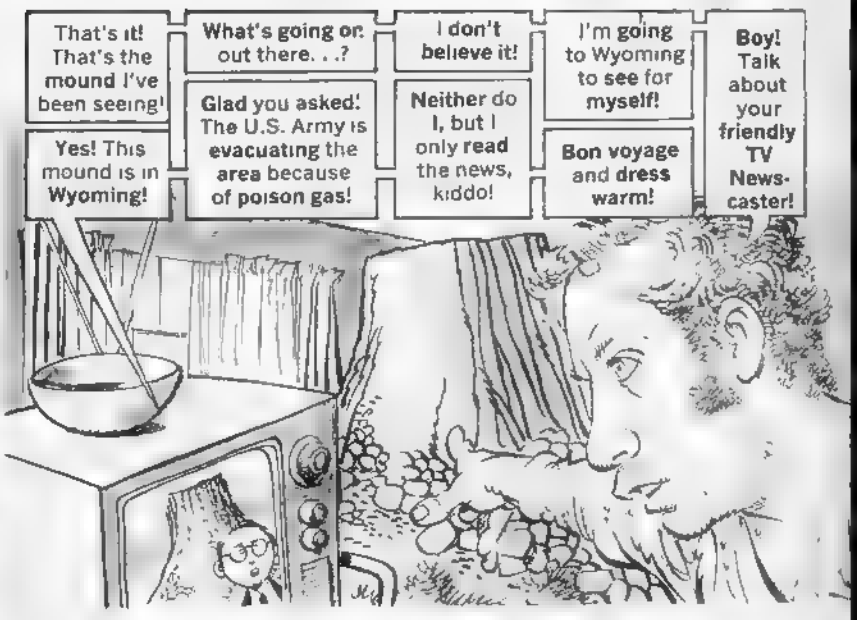
I've heard of child care centers . . . but never one that picks up!

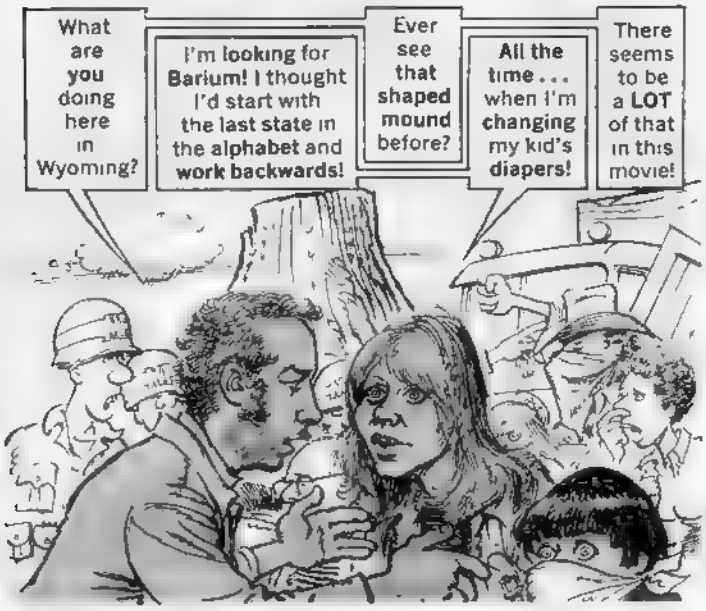
There are no such things as UFO's!
How can you say there are no UFO's! I've seen them myself!
And one took my child!
Let me assure you, Madam . . . the Government would never lie to the American public!
Really?! How about Vietnam and Watergate?
Boy, we've got lousy luck! A UFO flew off with Jelly's kid!!
She loses a kid, and WE have lousy luck?! Why??
Because they didn't take any of OURS!

That mound-shape fascinates me . . . almost hypnotizes me! It must mean something!
Maybe we're being invaded by alien mashed potatoes!
That mound-shape of margarine is trying to tell me something!
Butter!
That's not what I meant!
That mound-shape again! I must try to stop thinking about it . . .
. . . especially when I'm driving!!

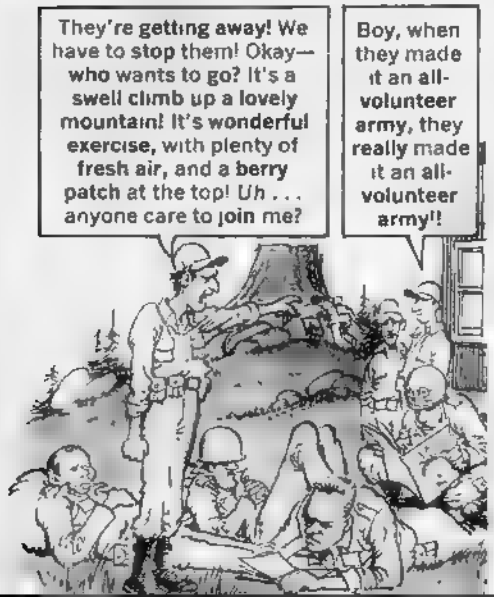
He hit me first!
I hate him! He started it!
Men on first and third—two out, top of the sixth!
I told my buddies they could come over, and they're coming over!!
Over my dead body!
There's got to be more to life than THIS!!
But we're living the American Dream! We have a house . . . a huge mortgage . . . two and a half kids—
Two and a half kids?!
Yes! A boy, a girl . . . and I'm not sure about Bruce! We're a typical American suburban family! What could be better than this?
In a word—ANYTHING!
WHOOSH!

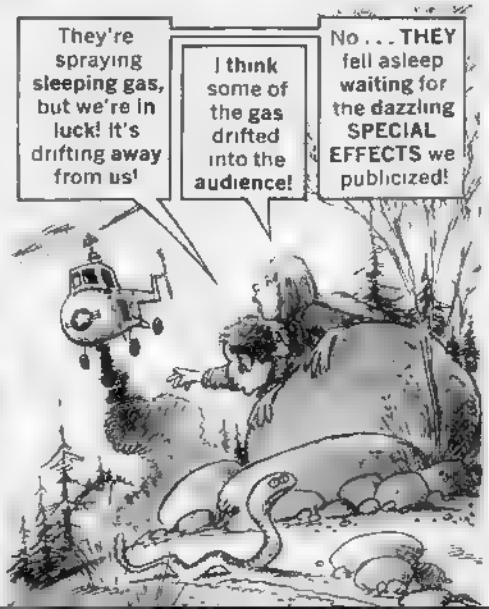
You expect me to live in a house with all that mud and schmutz? I'm leaving!
When will you be coming back?
I'm not coming back! I'm getting a divorce!
But why?!?
I TOLD you we were the typical suburban American family!


That's it! That's the mound I've been seeing!
Yes! This mound is in Wyoming!
What's going on out there. . .?
Glad you asked! The U.S. Army is evacuating the area because of poison gas!
I don't believe it!
Neither do I, but I only read the news, kiddo!
I'm going to Wyoming to see for myself!
Bon voyage and dress warm!
Boy! Talk about your friendly TV News-caster!

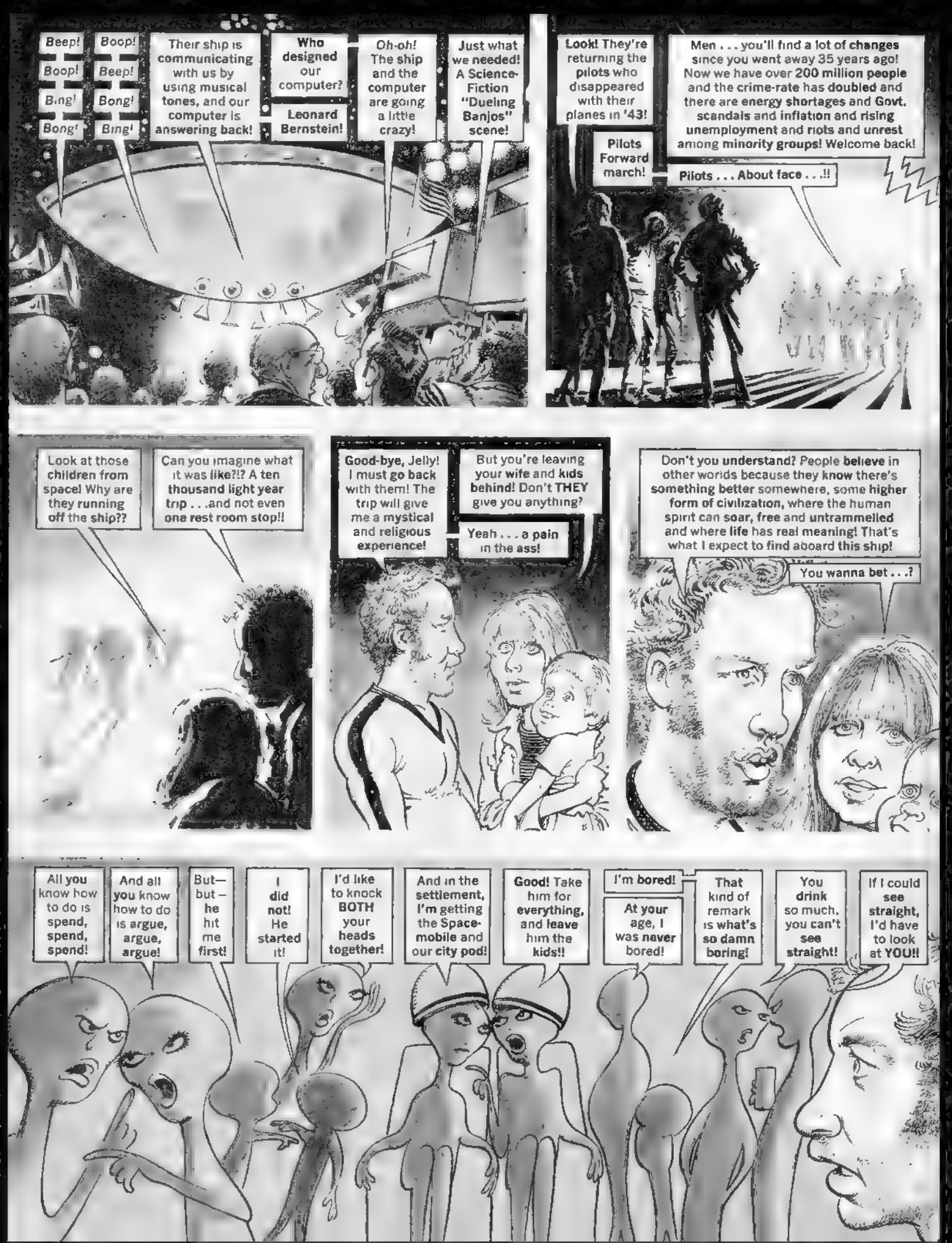

What are you doing here in Wyoming?
I'm looking for Barium! I thought I'd start with the last state in the alphabet and work backwards!
Ever see that shaped mound before?
All the time . . . when I'm changing my kid's diapers!
There seems to be a LOT of that in this movie!

Let's take off these gas masks and make a break for it! The army is lying about that poison gas!
I knew the truth the minute I made that model of "The Devil's Tower" from all that garbage and mud and manure!
If you don't mind, I'll leave the gas mask ON when we make our break! You should've showered before you left home!


They're getting away! We have to stop them! Okay—who wants to go? It's a swell climb up a lovely mountain! It's wonderful exercise, with plenty of fresh air, and a berry patch at the top! Uh . . . anyone care to join me?
Boy, when they made it an all-volunteer army, they really made it an all-volunteer army!!


They're spraying sleeping gas, but we're in luck! It's drifting away from us!
I think some of the gas drifted into the audience!
No . . . THEY fell asleep waiting for the dazzling SPECIAL EFFECTS we publicized!

See?! I TOLD you there was something going on up here!!
We climb this whole damn mountain just so you could take me to a NIGHT GAME?!?


Beep!
Boop!
Boop!
Beep!
Bing!
Bong!
Bong!
Bing!
Their ship is communicating with us by using musical tones, and our computer is answering back!
Who designed our computer?
Leonard Bernstein!
Oh-oh! The ship and the computer are going a little crazy!
Just what we needed! A Science-Fiction "Dueling Banjos" scene!
Look! They're returning the pilots who disappeared with their planes in '43!
Pilots Forward march!
Men . . . you'll find a lot of changes since you went away 35 years ago! Now we have over 200 million people and the crime-rate has doubled and there are energy shortages and Govt. scandals and inflation and rising unemployment and riots and unrest among minority groups! Welcome back!
Pilots . . . About face . . .!!
Look at those children from space! Why are they running off the ship??
Can you imagine what it was like?!? A ten thousand light year trip . . .and not even one rest room stop!!
Good-bye, Jelly! I must go back with them! The trip will give me a mystical and religious experience!
But you're leaving your wife and kids behind! Don't THEY give you anything?
Yeah . . . a pain in the ass!
Don't you understand? People believe in other worlds because they know there's something better somewhere, some higher form of civilization, where the human spirit can soar, free and untrammelled and where life has real meaning! That's what I expect to find aboard this ship!
You wanna bet . . .?
All you know how to do is spend, spend, spend!
And all you know how to do is argue, argue, argue!
But— but— he hit me first!
I did not! He started it!
I'd like to knock BOTH your heads together!
And in the settlement, I'm getting the Space-mobile and our city pod!
Good! Take him for everything, and leave him the kids!!
I'm bored!
At your age, I was never bored!
That kind of remark is what's so damn boring!
You drink so much, you can't see straight!
If I could see straight, I'd have to look at YOU!!

FROM FAD TO VERSE DEPT.

THE RIME OF THE MODERN SKATEBOARDER

(With apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner")

Written by Tom Koch Illustrated by Don Martin

He was a wild-eyed skateboard freak;
He stoppeth one of three.

"I've slalomed all through hell," he said.
"That's where I skinned my knee."

He freestyled up the wall and back;
Then, crouching on his board,

He launched into his ghastly tale,
While those around him snored.

"It started at a Skatepark near
My California home.
'Twas there I met two kindred souls,
Big Stan and Small Jerome.

"The three of us all shared the dream
Of learning far-out tricks
Like tail-taps and three-sixty turns
To help us score with chicks.

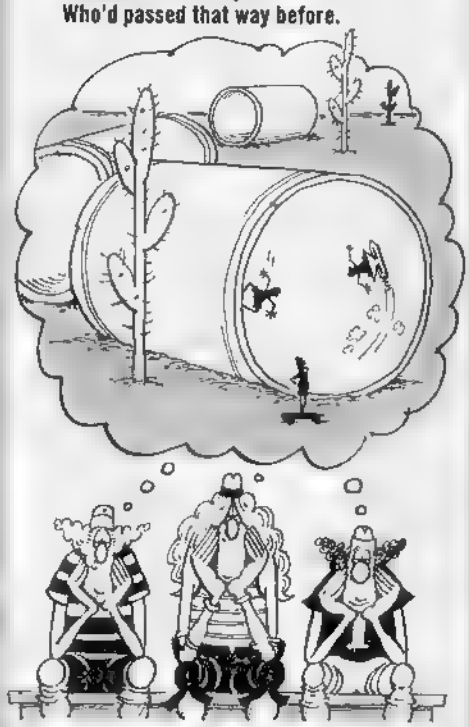
"Six days a week we practiced on
The Skatepark's asphalt deck.
(The seventh day, I washed my hair
And cashed my welfare check.)

"In time, we three had learned to do
The One-Wheel Pirouette,
And then we stopped to marvel that
No girls had noticed yet.

"Said Stan, 'I fear these hot-dog tricks
Will never land a dame.
So why not try for second best:
The Skateboard Hall of Fame?'

"The Hall of Fame!!?? We'd seen its plaques,
And knew its honored types
Were those who'd dared to skate inside
Of giant, hollow pipes.

"Two stories high, those lengths of pipe
Loom o'er the desert floor,
Abandoned there by thirst-crazed men
Who'd passed that way before.



"To reach them, you must slog through sand
A hundred miles from town.
Still worse, when skating in a pipe,
You're often upside down.

"This prospect panicked Small Jerome,
Who asked, 'Why must we dare
To skate someplace we might get killed?'
Quoth Stan: 'Because it's there!'

"Such logic could not be denied.
It drove us forth to meet
The destiny that lurked there in
The hellish desert heat.

"To make our trip a sure success,
We packed our kits with care.
I brought the jelly sandwiches,
The plates and silverware.

"Stan brought some skateboard urethane
In case the wheels got hot.
Jerome said he'd bring water bags,
But somehow, he forgot.

"And so, our throats became more parched
With every passing day.
Worse yet, we found no pipes to skate.
We'd clearly lost our way.

"As time slipped by, our hopes grew dim
Of ever being found.
Then, suddenly, a gopher popped
Its head above the ground.

" 'A good luck omen!' cried Big Stan,
And Small Jerome agreed:
'A gopher-powered skateboard is
The very thing we need.'

"A tiny treadmill soon was built
Where gopher paws could run.
We nailed it to our strongest board;
Then climbed on, one by one.

"Big Stan yelled, 'Mush!' The gopher strained.
I felt the skateboard start!
And as it moved, a giant weight
Was lifted from my heart.

"We all felt cheered, and foolishly
We laughed and joked and talked;
For we had yet to learn how slow
A weary gopher walked.

"His treadmill pace was soon a stroll;
Our motion all but ceased.
Half crazed, I screamed, 'You goldbrick, you!'
And then I killed the beast.

" 'You fink! You've killed our good luck charm!'
I heard Big Stan emote,
While Small Jerome the gopher tied
Around my pulsing throat.

"My former friends then left me there.
Stan put their reason well:
'In summer weather such as this,
Dead gophers tend to smell.'

"Left with the skateboard all alone,
Time weighed upon my hands.
It's hard to practice wheelies 'mid
The shifting, whisp'ring sands.

"In that unceasing desert heat,
My mind began to fail
One time, I even thought I saw
The gopher wag its tail.

"Thus, I assumed my eyes played tricks
When on the seventh day,
A grizzled skateboard spook appeared,
And slalomed straight my way.

"I sensed he was no earthly thing,
For though his speed was great,
I saw his board had rusty wheels
From some old roller skate.

"His eyes were wild; his socks were torn;
His beard was long and fine.
Said he, 'That gopher 'round your neck
Was once a friend of mine.'

" 'You killed my pal!' he shrieked at me.
'For that, you'll dearly pay.
My ghostly curse will follow you
Until it's Judgement Day.'

"He vanished, and I glumly thought
That things could not be worse.
Forever seemed like quite a while
To stay beneath a curse.

"I can't recall how long I'd walked
In mindless exercise
When far away, I thought I saw
A town of goodly size.

"It's only a mirage, I guessed.
No town could really be
In such a God forsaken spot.
Still, why not check and see?

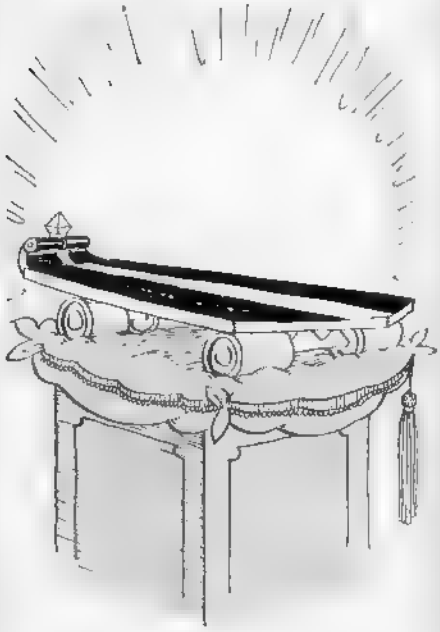
"To my surprise, the town was real.
I whooped with sheer delight
To see old broads in tennis shoes
Stand bathed in neon light.

" 'I'm saved!' I screamed at one old dame.
'This place is Xanadu!'
Said she: 'Las Vegas is its name,
I'll bet you five-to-two.'

"The gopher I soon flung aside
To toast my change of fate.
Its body struck a roulette wheel,
And stopped on number eight.

" 'You win!' I heard a voice call out.
'That's quite a clever play.'
And then I saw the man in charge
Push piles of chips my way.

"I won a million bucks that night,
And made a gambler's vow
To have the custom skateboard built
That stands before you now.



"Its wheels are made of diamond dust
Mixed in with urethane.
The trucks are cast of solid gold.
The kicktail's teakwood grain."

The skateboard freak then paused amid
The tale he'd come to tell;
And as he hugged his costly board,
One teardrop on it fell.

Spake he at last: "I still have times
When sorrow seizes me.
A guy gets glum to know he's cursed
For all eternity.

"For though I've lived through my ordeal,
And ditched the gopher, too,
And have the finest skateboard known,
One thing still makes me blue.

"I'm doomed through life to tell my tale,
So ghastly and unreal.
If you've been bored to hear it once,
Just think how I must feel."

THAT OLD FAMILIAR STRAIN DEPT.

Pick up any popular magazine, and you're sure to find an article proclaiming, "Stress is the Number One health problem in the nation today! It can kill you!" Naturally, reading this statement causes you to suffer a lot more stress. But reading the rest of the article can push your blood pressure even higher, because the author invariably claims to have found some miraculous new thought process or life style that will enable you to escape from all of the pressures of daily existence. Who do these writers think they're kidding? They must take us for a bunch of idiots! Because, as anyone knows who lives in the real world of unending frustration and annoyance and fear . . .

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: TOM KOCH

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .

. . . having Tony Orlando and Dawn finally off weekly television offers absolutely no assurance that they won't soon be back.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .

. . . even after you've studied hard and memorized the answer to every possible exam question, you still have to worry that you may get sick and throw up before you can write enough stuff down to avoid flunking.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .

. . . Selective Service still keeps a file on every man who ever registered so they can all be drafted in case of a national emergency, but Lord only knows what the Pentagon considers a national emergency.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .

. . . you're constantly reminded that Steve Cauthen is more successful at the age of 17 than you'll probably be in your entire life.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .

. . . Carmelite nuns, Utah State football players, left-handed Volvo salesmen and Irish contraltos are all members of minority groups, and there's no telling which will become the next to turn militant.

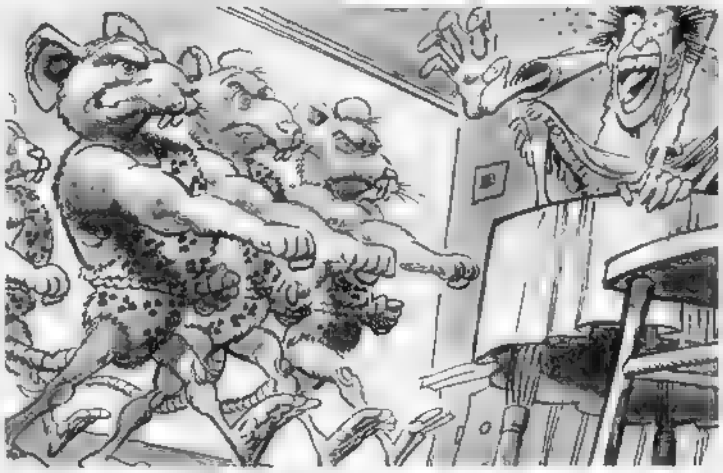
YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .

. . . the world is made up of only two kinds of people: those who ride motorcycles, and those who have to listen to the people riding them.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .

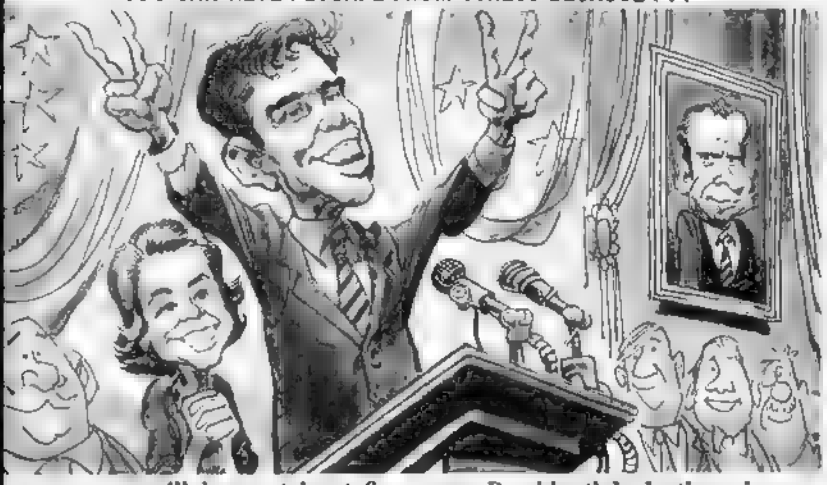
. . . that brainy kid who won your sixth grade spelling bee is still out there, somewhere in this world . . . just waiting for another chance to make you look bad.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . ridding our society of all the substances that have been found to cause cancer in rats may just mean we'll soon be confronted by billions of robust, healthy rats.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . we'll have at least five more Presidential elections in which Teddy Kennedy will still be young enough to run, and by then we'll have to start worrying about David Eisenhower.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .

. . . buying a clock radio just means that you'll be jolted awake every morning by a grating disc jockey instead of a clanging bell or an irritating buzz.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .

. . . there's a chance that this will be the day when Ralph Nader denounces the cereal you always eat for breakfast as being ". . . a dangerous potential killer."

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .

. . . members of other racial groups may interpret the way you behave in their presence as being too hostile . . . or too patronizing . . . and either way, you're in big trouble.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .

. . . seeing how even Anita Bryant can become controversial makes you worry about your publicly expressed opinions of Ron Howard, Donny and Marie, Tom Seaver and Winnie the Pooh.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .

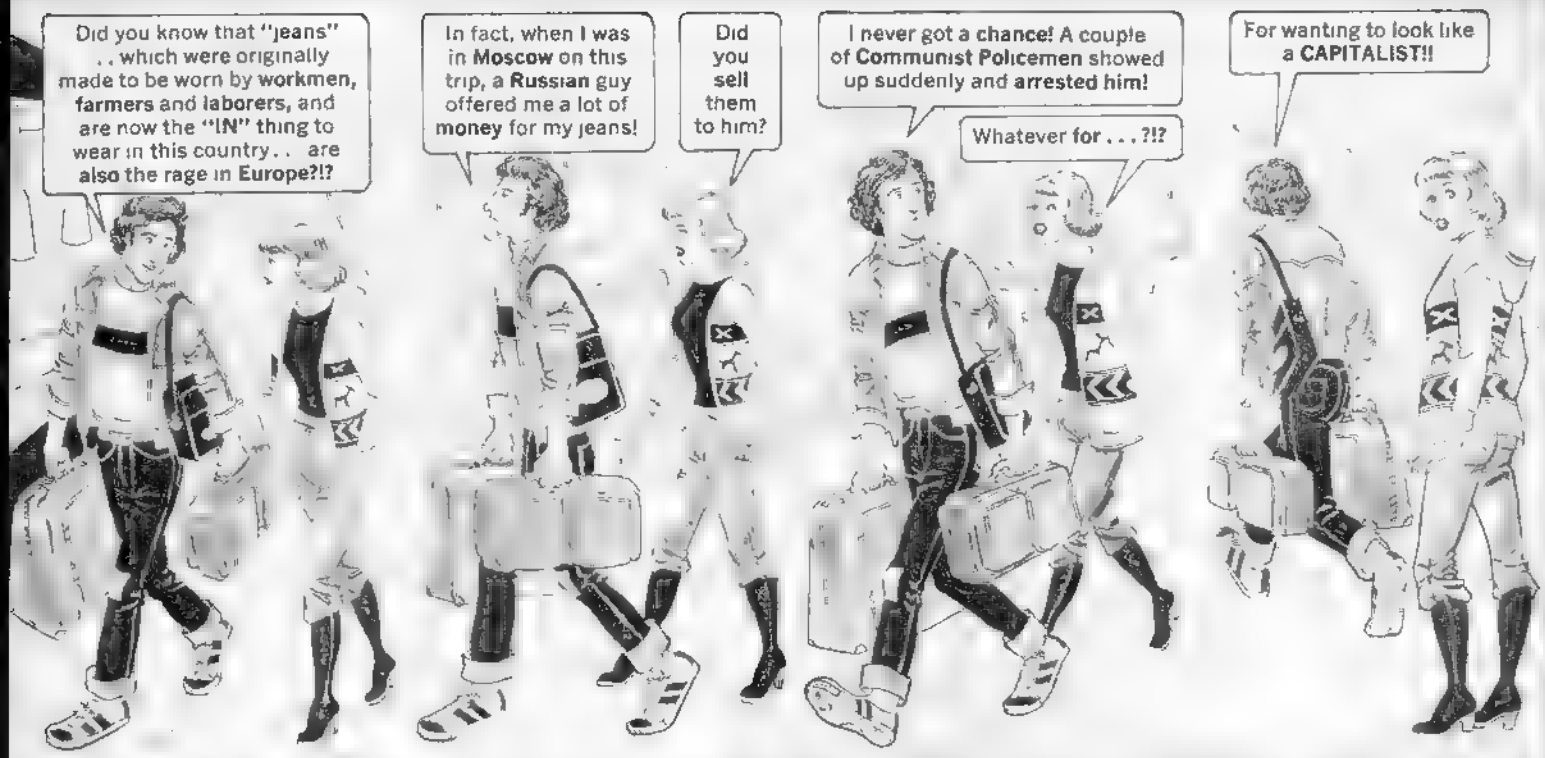
. . . commercial aviation is becoming safer at just about the same rate that your chances of getting to the airport alive are becoming almost negligible.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .

. . . every time you follow a highway flagman's signal, you know that you're putting your life in the hands of some high school drop-out who makes $3.16 an hour.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .

. . . you strongly suspect that Idi Amin's broad smile, lavish promises and professed love of the common people could get him elected President here, too, if he ever decides to run.



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

FADS FADS FADS FADS

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVID BERG

You've got to see what I bought today, Daddy! It cost a fortune, but it was worth it! These peasant boots alone cost seventy-five dollars!!
And this peasant blouse was sixty-five dollars! And this peasant skirt was eighty!!
There! Isn't this chic?! Isn't this luxurious?! Tell the truth! How do I look?
Like the daughter of a VERY RICH PEASANT!
Why are you back from the beach so early?!?
I was thrown off it . . . banished . . . told never to return again!
My goodness! What kind of a beach was it?
A NUDE beach!
Oh, my God!! You brought shame to the whole family! What kind a freaky, disgusting, kinky perverted thing did you do?!?
I refused to take my clothes off!
Hey, Man . . . you've got your very own pinball machine in your very own room! That's cool, Man . . . real cool!
Yeah . . . a lot of people own them these days!
Do you play often?
Every day!
DING
PONG
PONG
So how are you scoring?
Not so good! One day, I WIN . . . one day, I LOSE!!
So play every OTHER day!

I'd like an after-shave cologne!

Here's something nice! It smells like old spice!

No, I want something with more appeal!

Here's a lovely cologne! It smells just like English leather!

Nahh! I want something that will really turn a chick ON!

Ahh! Here's a sure-fire winner! Women just LOVE it!

It smells like a CREDIT CARD!

Hey, look! Everyone is wearing T-shirts with messages on them! All I've got is this dirty old plain thing with nothing on it!

You want a message on your dirty old T-shirt? Give it to me! I'll write something on it!

PAIN HURTS

THE PARANOIDS ARE AFTER ME!

this space for rent

i'm a diet drop out

Okay . . . it's finished! Now you can put it on!

WASH ME!

Hold it . . . while I take a picture of you with my new instant Photography Camera!

CLICK

With my old camera, I'd have to shoot off the whole rest of the roll of film before I could take it in to be developed! Then . . . I'd have to wait a few days to get it back . . . only to find out the picture came out lousy!

WRRR

But with my new Instant Photography Camera, it's a different story! It only takes a few minutes—

To find out the picture came out lousy!!

Boy, you sure are dressed up! Where are you going?!?
Some place where I can be seen . . . and heard!!
PALACE DISCO
How'd you make out?
Not so good!
It was TOO DARK to be seen, and TOO NOISY to be heard!
What a cute little girl!
I'm NOT a girl, you creep!!
OOOFF!!
BAM
Boys and girls are wearing the same long hair styles these days! How am I supposed to know which is what?!?
I've got the same problem . . . but I've learned how to tell the difference!
The BOYS punch you in the stomach . . . and the GIRLS scratch!
You've tried all the fad diets, right? Macrobiotics? Low carbohydrates? Liquid protein? High protein? You've tried them all, eh?
Yeah . . .
You've starved yourself? You were miserable? And whatever weight you lost, you gained back, right?
Yeah . . .
Well, cheer up! Here's a brand new fad diet! The guy who invented it says you can eat all you want!
YEAH!?
Of everything you don't like!
David Berg

AWFUL ASSEMBLY DEPT.

Like this example most Graduating Class pictures are usually unexciting groupings of the subjects, lacking in creativity and void of inspiration. Which got us at MAD to thinking that it really doesn't have to be that way. Like f'rinstance, why not hire talented people to stage interesting interpretations of these usually deadly groupings? Like these

GRADUATING CLASS PICTURES

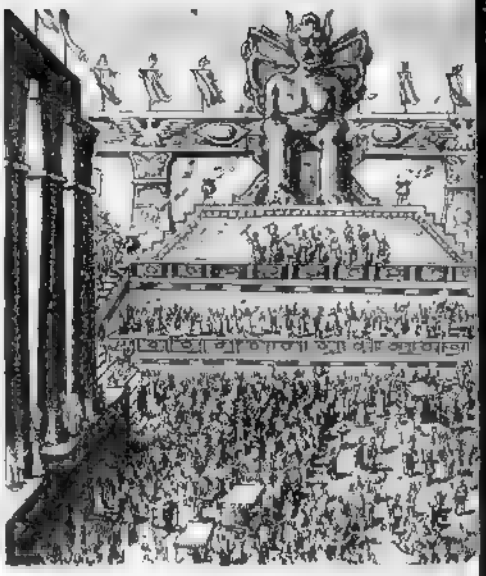
AS STAGED BY SOME OF THE WORLD'S BEST-KNOWN PICTURE-MAKERS

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ. WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

BUSBY BERKELEY | CECIL B. De MILLE | JOHN FORD | FEDERICO FELLINI | ALFRED HITCHCOCK | SAM PECKINPAH | MEL BROOKS | WOODY ALLEN | STEVEN SPIELBERG

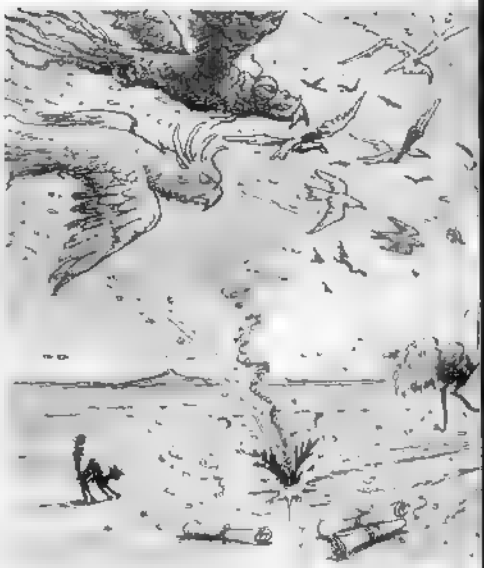
BUSBY BERKELEY

CECIL B.



FEDERICO FELLINI

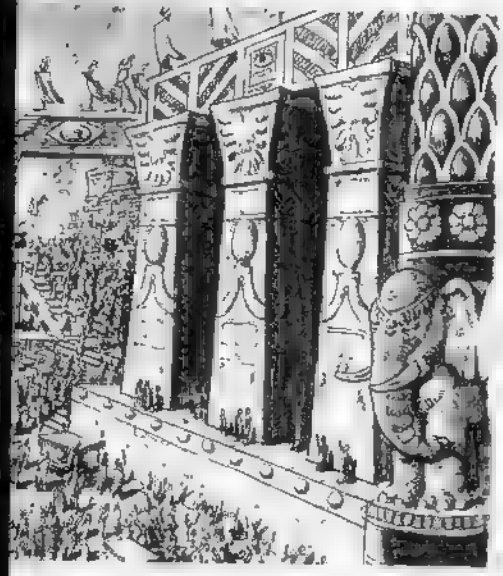
ALFRED H



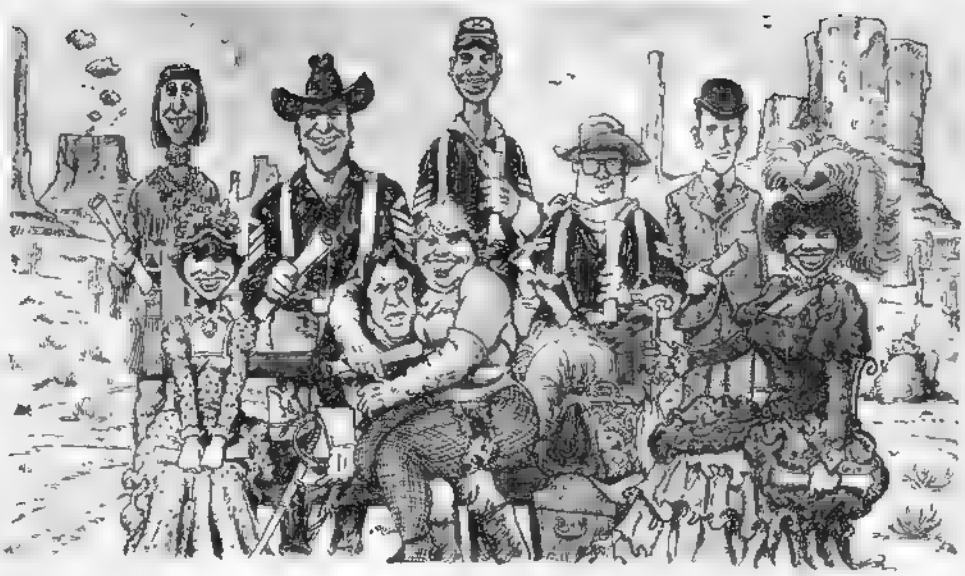
SAM PECKINPAH

WOODY

DE MILLE



JOHN FORD



TCHCOCK

MEL BROOKS

Y ALLEN

STEVEN SPIELBERG

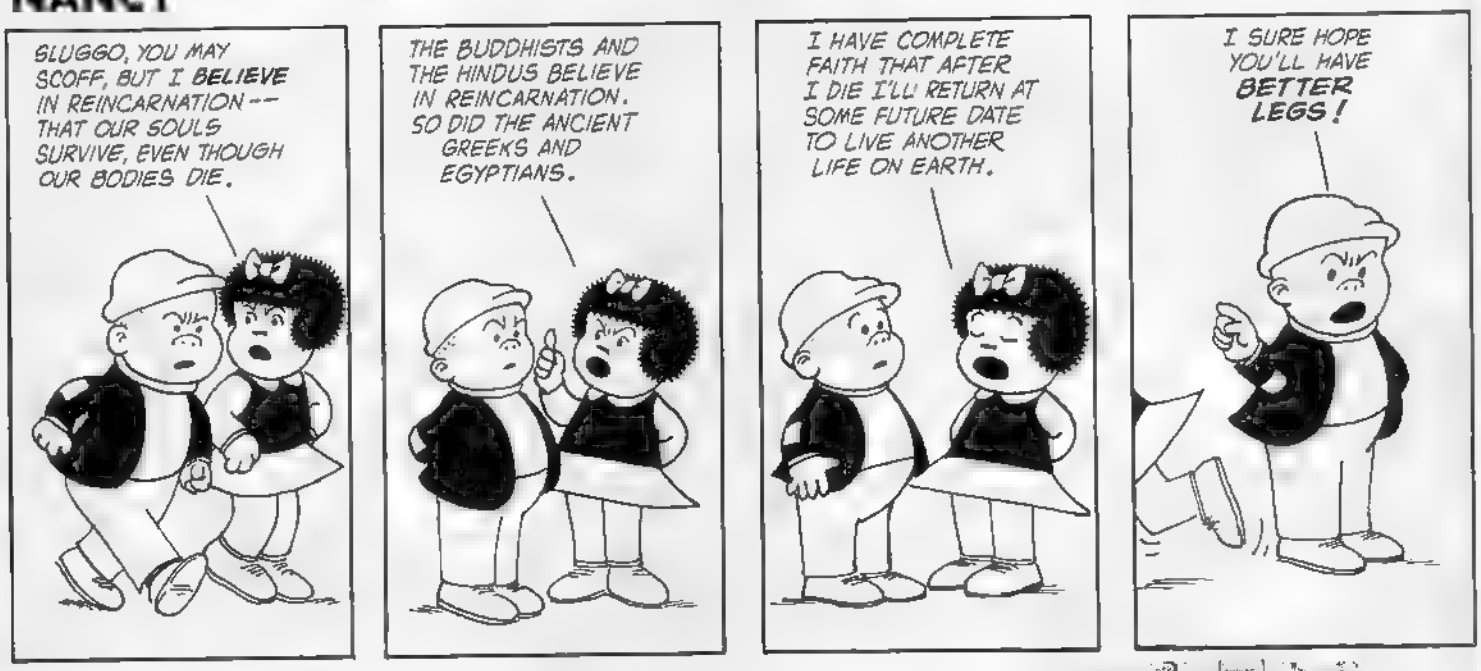
TRIED AND TRUDEAU DEPT.

There's a new look to the comics, and the man most responsible for it is Gary Trudeau, the creator of "Doonesbury". Thanks to Gary, more and more strips are becoming intellectual and cerebral and involved

...When Those "Old Li
The New Wave, Cerebr

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

NANCY



REX MORGAN, M.D.

in the social issues of today. The old strips, however, stay the same as they were—with the same stock situations and routines. Eventually, they'll have to get with it, and we'll see what happens . . .

ne" Comic Strips Follow al "Doonesbury" Trend

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

DICK TRACY

BLONDIE

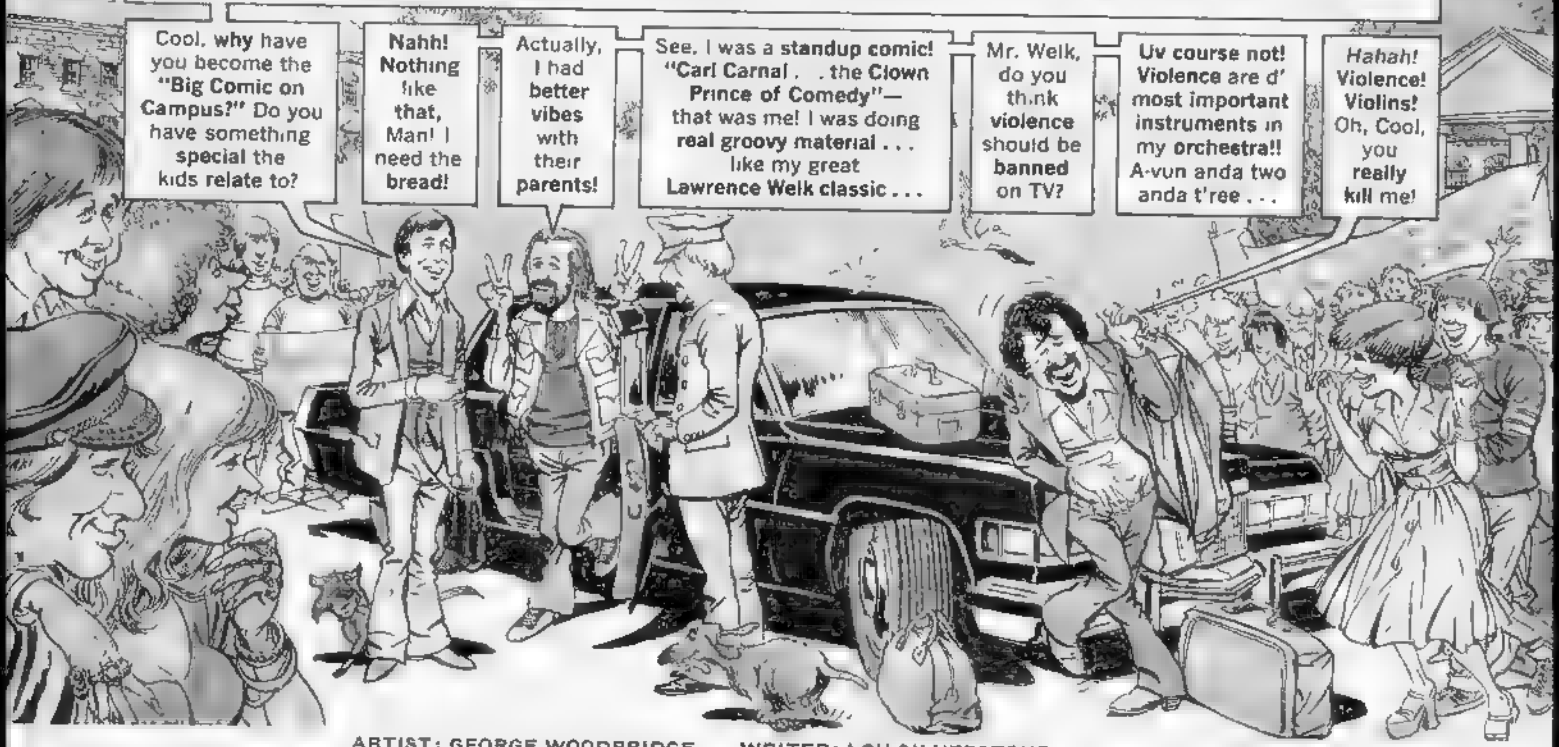
BEETLE BAILEY

LI'L ABNER

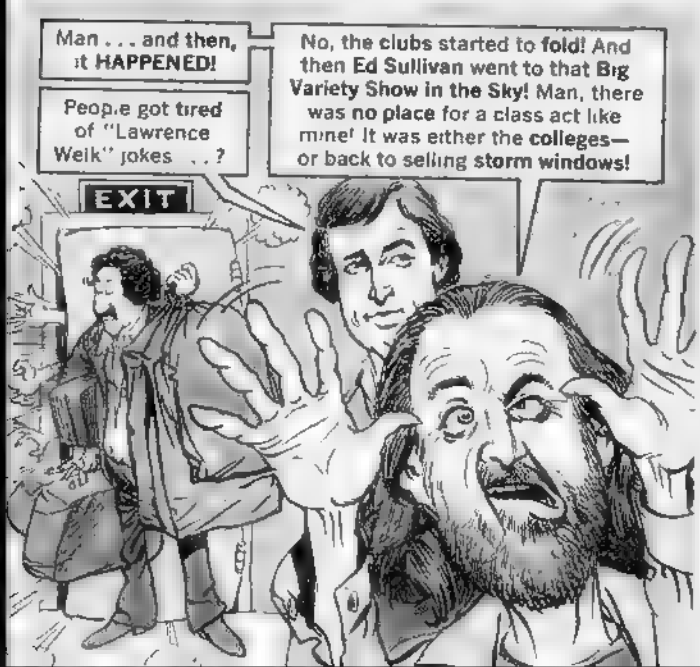
DONALD DUCK

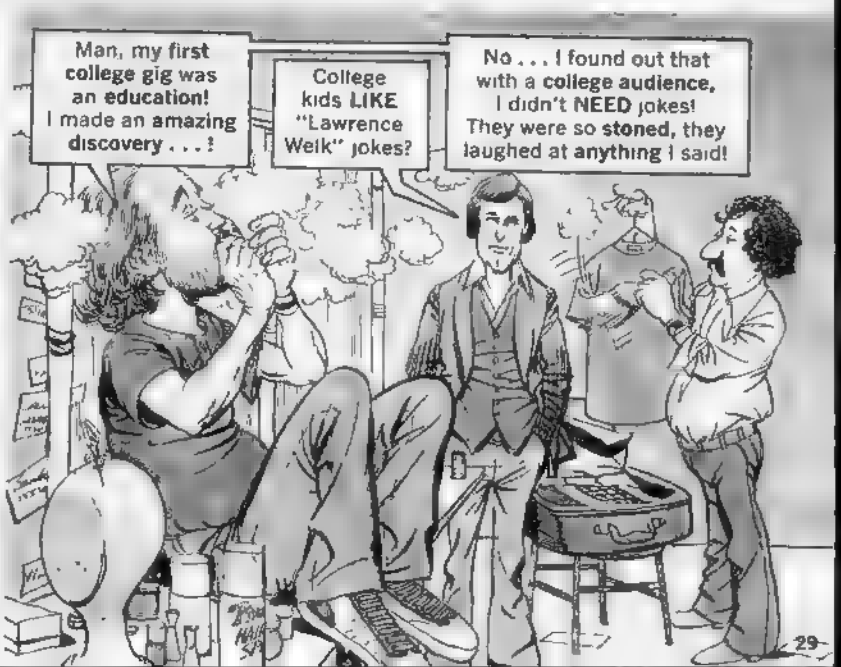
Hi! I'm Chivy Chaste and you're not! I'll bet you're wondering what a superstar like me is doing here! Well, after my last TV comedy special . . . and it may very well be my last —ha-ha . . . N.B.C. felt that maybe my talent lies in a different direction, like doing interviews! Who knows? If I do good on this assignment for MAD, I might become the male Barbara Walters . . . or, as I used to refer to her on Saturday Night . . . Babwa Wawa! But seriously, folks, I'm here to interview Mr. Cool Carnal, who has been designated as . . .

MAD'S COLLEGE CONCERT COMIC OF THE YEAR



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



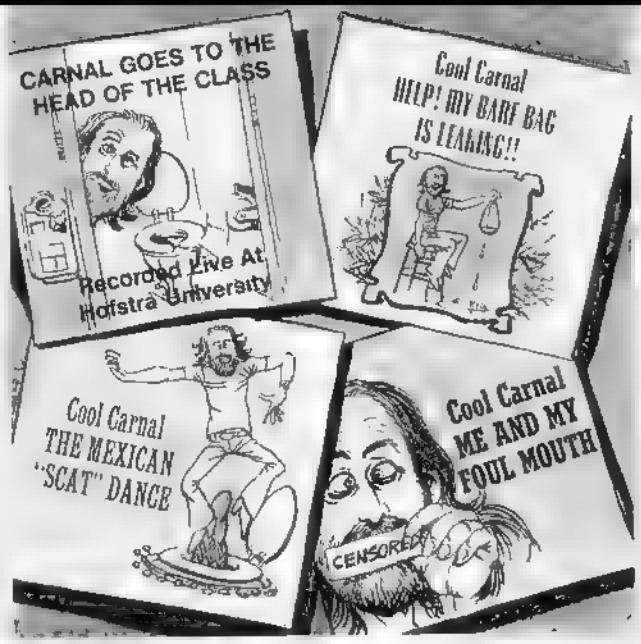


So I turned in my tux for blue jeans and a tee shirt, grew a beard, got myself a new hair style, and the rest is history! Man, those kids really dig me!

In other words, they got your message!

Man . . . I ain't got no message! I'm disgusting! DIS—GUST—ING!! That's my message!!

Yeah . . . he's disgusting . . . but funny!! Here, look at these record albums! They'll KILL yuh!



Cool, besides "Bathroom Humor," what else makes the kids laugh? Do they go for "Sex Humor"?

No way, Man! Sex is OUT!

You mean college students aren't interested in sex?

Sure, they dig sex! But they aren't HUNG UP on it like their parents! I mean, these kids don't have to READ about it or JOKE about it! Man . . . they DO IT!!

Are young people today turned off by "Political Humor"?

No, these kids are into the political scene! I mean, they just don't dig the HEAVYWEIGHT stuff . . . like Kissinger . . . or Moondale!

That's "MONdale!"

Whatever! But they flip over my Billy Carter shticks!

Do your Billy Carter Nose Bit! *Ha-ha!* I'm laughing already!

You know how Billy Carter gets "high"? Man, he grabs a six-pack and climbs up to Amy's treehouse!

I'm only kidding! Billy really gets it on by sniffing peanuts! Man . . . that's a groovy high—*sniff-sniff!* But there's only one problem . . .

You sniff too hard—and one of them goobers is gonna get stuck up your nose!

Ha-ha! Isn't he fantastic!? You dig how cleverly he works in the "Finger Up The Nose" bit! That's what he's most famous for!!

Sometimes, when I play them egghead "Ivory League" schools, I go into more sophisticated political stuff . . . like . . .

Did y'hear about Jimmy's new energy program? He wants everybody to put Castor Oil in their car so it'll GO faster!

Tell 'im about your "Bean-Eating Contest" to relieve the natural gas shortage!!

You can skip that . . please!

Do you use any current material?

Only if something really mind-blowing . . like Anita Bryant comes along!

Man, do you know that Anita Bryant drinks her orange juice STRAIGHT?

STRAIGHT! *Ha-ha!* Get it?

Did you hear that Anita Bryant is giving up doing those orange juice commercials because some dude told her that oranges are FRUITS?!?

. . are FRUITS! Cool, you kill me!

Since the college kids are anti-Anita, does that mean they're pro-gay rights?!?

Man, they don't dig them fags any more than me! But Anita's shtick represents their parents' point of view, so it's cool to put Anita down! Even if you secretly agree with her!

Isn't that kind of a phony attitude?

Why do you think I'm such a HIT?

Tell me, where do you get your material?

I go to my old neighborhood and listen to the punks talk! These college dudes think that jive is cool! Anytime I wanna get a laugh, all I hafta say is, "smack" or "pot" or "maryjane" or "horse"!

Right on! The kids today are programmed to laugh at anything they think their parents don't understand!

Do you use writers?

Only those cats who write things on Men's Room walls! Sometimes I switch an old joke . . . like . . .

Y'know why it takes five Poles t'roll a joint?

One guy to lie down and hold the fixin's, and four guys to push him up the hill!

That's funny?!?

Trouble with you liberal, intellectuals is, you don't understand ethnic humor!

Cool, baby, you're gonna kill 'em tonight! Just inhale that air!!

What's the AIR got to do with it?!?

Grass, Man! Smell that grass! That means they're higher than I am! It's my kind of audience! Stoned!

Ladies and Gentlemen . . . Mr. COOL CARNAL!

Hey! Man! Thanks for that groovy intro! Gi'me five!

Hayyyyy! Did y'ever pick your nose . . . and then shake hands with somebody?!?

RIGHT ON!

BRAVO!!

YAYY!

I don't believe it! He's getting a standing ovation for picking his nose! My mother used to ground me for that!

My Old Man used to tell me that everybody who smoked grass would end ups as a junkie!!

If he was right . . . then we got some pretty big cats who are junkies!

Like, when they elect a new Pope, what do you think that little white puff of smoke is?!?

Fantastic! He just put down parents and the Church in the same bit!

He'd better not use that gag when he plays a Jesuit School!

I'll tell you one thing, Man! When you turn on with pot, you get a clean high! You don't barf all over your Pumas!

G-A-A-C-C-C-K!

Ever see a Martini drinker when he's high?

G-A-A-C-C-C-K!

Hah! I'm getting sick to my stomach from laughing!

I'm feeling a little ill, too . . . but it's not from laughing!!

Sir, as a member of the Faculty, what do you think of the students' taste in comedy . . . ?

You call this "comedy"?!? I never thought I'd get nostalgic for the good old days of campus riots! But after seeing our kids break up over this schmuck, I'd welcome a real old-fashioned campus protest!

Yeah! Like an "Anti-College Concert Comic" protest!

I notice you're not laughing very much!

That's because I'm not tripping! Man, I'll never come to one of these again unless I'm bombed out of my skull!

I'd like to leave you with one word! B-U-R-R-R-R-R-P! That feels good! I'll say it again! B-U-R-R-R-R-R-P!

Oh, God, he's a riot!

So how come when I do that, you say I'm DISGUSTING?!

INTERMISSION

Well . . . thanks a lot for the interview, Mr. Carnal!

Hey, Man, don't split now! It's only the intermission! I'm just starting to roll!

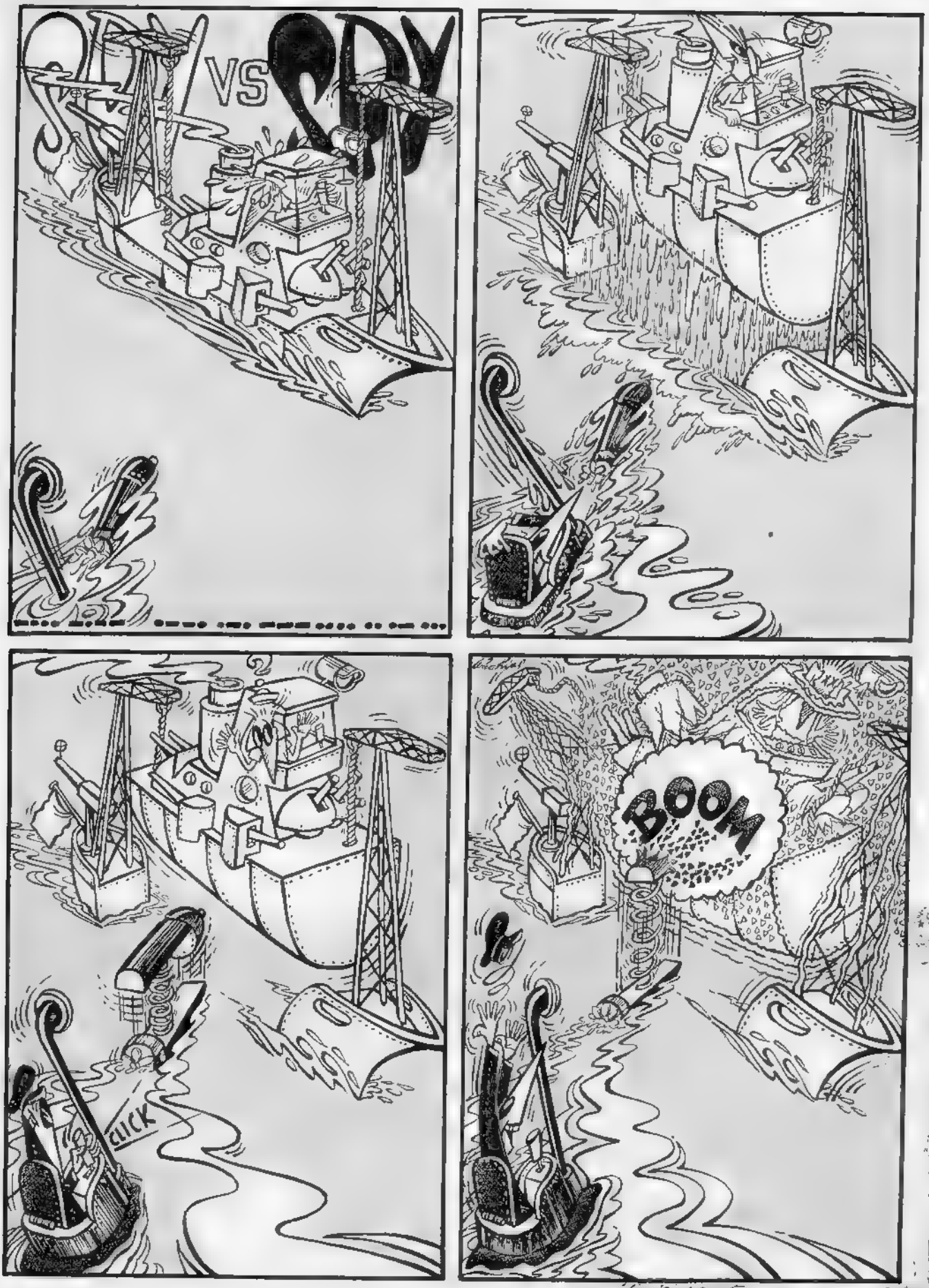
Sorry, but I've got to see my agent about getting me these college bookings!

If they can laugh at the crap YOU do, they'll get hysterical over MY stuff . . . like when I spill water on my pants . . .

. . . or when I fall down . . . or my "Jerry Ford Bumping His Head" bit!

EXIT

This is Chivy Chaste, turning you back to MAD Maga . . . OOOPS!!


SPY VS SPY
CLICK
BOOM

YOU BET YOUR LIFE DEPT.

Gambling is stupid! "No," you say? You wanna bet?! Okay, go ahead and gamble... but know the odds. Because knowing the odds is necessary if you're gonna gamble

THE MAD BO

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

IT'S 3 TO 1...

. . . when you get stuck in traffic, you'll have to go to the bathroom.

IT'S 7 TO 5...

. . . you'll get a whole new cluster of pimples the day of the Senior Prom.

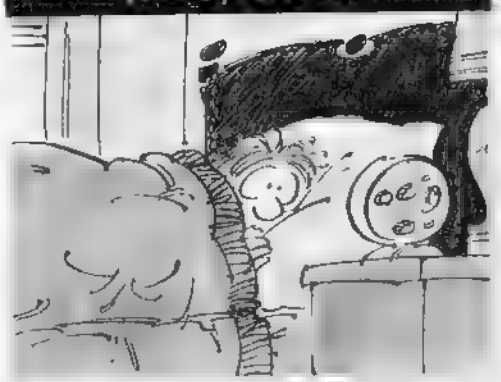
IT'S 2 TO 1...

. . . your nose will start to run when you don't have a handkerchief.

IT'S 5 TO 1...

. . . that when you get a Summer job, your Mother will come into the store every day to see how you're doing.

IT'S 3 TO 2...



. . . that the morning you have an important job interview, your alarm will fail to go off.

IT'S 8 TO 5...

. . . you'll finish an exam in record time, only to find out later that there were 13 questions on the last page you didn't see.

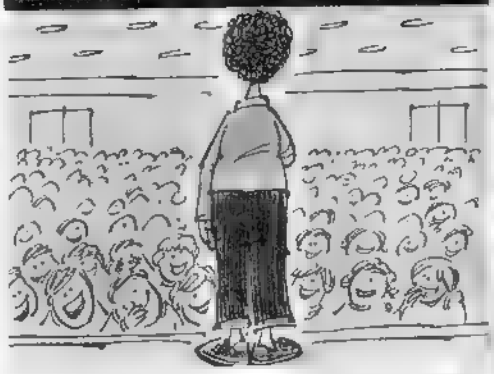
IT'S 4 TO 3...

. . . your finger will slip just as you dial the last number of a long distance telephone call.

IT'S 5 TO 3...

. . . on the first day of your family vacation, your Mother and Father will have an argument, and then fight the entire trip.

IT'S 5 TO 2...



. . . when you're selected to lead the assembly in "The Pledge Of Allegiance" you'll discover later your fly was open.

and win. And that means not only the odds on horse races and ballgames, but on life's everyday situations as well. To help you in this important area, here is...

OOK OF ODDS

WRITER: STAN HART

IT'S 3 TO 1...

. . . that the next time you have a blind date, you'll be disappointed.

AND IT'S EVEN MONEY...

...your date will be disappointed.

IT'S 3 TO 2...

. . . it'll rain on your overnight hike.

IT'S 3 TO 1...

. . . while trying to impress your pretty tennis partner, you'll hit her in the back of her head with your first serve.

IT'S 2½ TO 1...

. . . whenever you try to hail a cab to impress your date, you'll have ugly sweat stains under your arms.

IT'S 4 TO 1...

. . . your Mother will take a "terribly important" telephone message for you but she can't remember who it's from.

IT'S 4 TO 3...

. . . your date's old man is asleep when you go out, but awake when you return.

IT'S 3 TO 2...

. . . the worst picture ever taken of you will be in your School Year Book.

IT'S 6 TO 5...

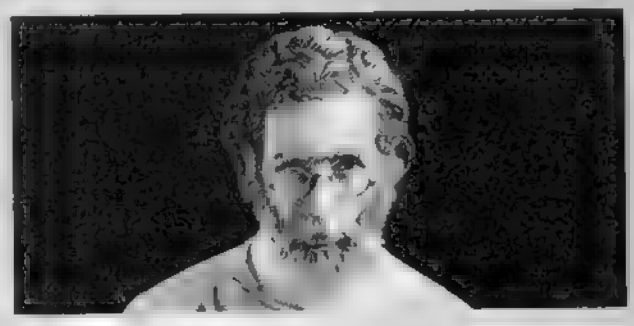
. . . when you go to the bathroom in your date's house, the toilet doesn't work.

HIDDEN MEANIES DEPT.

So you believe everything you read, eh? Well, if you do, you're a dummy (and *that* you *can* believe!). Because what is most important about what is said in print is what is NOT said! Got that? No? Well, maybe with these examples, we here at MAD can teach you clods

How To Rea

A BOOK JACKET



Here's what the Critics have to say about Norman Sosnick's masterful new novel...

"...I couldn't put it down..."
Cleveland Plain Dealer

"...a novel that really makes you feel..."
Saturday Review of Books

"...has hypnotic power..."
Kirkus Service

"THIS EVENING AT TWILIGHT" is destined to become one of the great mysteries of modern literature. The eagerly awaited first novel has caught the public by storm. Over 100,000 copies are now in print, and Mr. Sosnick is currently negotiating with a major film studio for the motion picture rights.

Mr. Sosnick's writings have appeared in such prestigious publications as "The Atlantic Monthly" and "Esquire", and he has been a frequent contributor to "The New York Times".

Mr. Sosnick lives in Greenwich, Connecticut, with his wife, Beth, who pursues her own career, and their two children, who are in college. Mr. Sosnick is hard at work preparing to write his next novel.

THE ACTUAL QUOTE WAS, "*I COULDN'T PUT IT DOWN FAST ENOUGH!*"

THE HYPNOTIC POWER OF THE BOOK IS THE POWER TO PUT YOU TO SLEEP!

IT WAS EAGERLY AWAITED BY THE PUBLISHER BECAUSE SOSNICK TOOK THE $2500 ADVANCE AND PARTIED IN MEXICO FOR SIX MONTHS!

THE NEGOTIATIONS ARE VERY HEATED. MR. SOSNICK WANTS THEM TO BUY IT AND THE STUDIO DOESN'T!

ESQUIRE ONCE PRINTED HIS "*LETTER TO THE EDITOR*" COMPLAINING THAT THERE WEREN'T ENOUGH DIRTY PICTURES IN THE MAGAZINE!

SHE HAS TO WORK AS A WAITRESS BECAUSE MR. SOSNICK IS UNEMPLOYABLE!

THE BOOK MADE THE REVIEWER FEEL... "*NAUSEOUS.*"

WHATEVER COMPELLED THE PUBLISHER TO PUT OUT SUCH A PIECE OF CRAP IS A MYSTERY!

100,000 COPIES WERE PRINTED, AND 99,992 ARE STILL SITTING ON BOOK STORE SHELVES!

HE ONCE HAD A "*WANT AD*" PRINTED IN THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, TRYING TO SELL HIS TWO-SPEED BIKE!

HE CONTRIBUTES $2.00 TO THE NEW YORK TIMES "*SEND A KID TO CAMP*" FUND EACH YEAR!

THE KIDS ARE IN COLLEGE BUT THEY HAVEN'T TOLD SOSNICK WHICH ONE BECAUSE THEY DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE OLD BORE!

HE'S TRYING TO GET HIS FAVORITE CRAYON SHARPENED!

ıd Between The Lines

WRITER: STAN HART

A CAMP BROCHURE

THAT'S INDIAN FOR "ABE SHAPIRO AND HIS COUSIN OWN 51% OF THE BUSINESS"!

HE WAS ONCE KNOWN AS JIM GRABOWSKY, WHO WAS THROWN OUT OF THE NFL FOR FONDLING A WATERBOY!

DURING THE GREAT FAMINE OF 1878!

WHERE ANY GIRL WHO LOOKS LIKE ANYTHING IS IMMEDIATELY GLOMMED BY A COUNSELOR OR JC!

THEY'RE HAPPY BECAUSE THEY LOVE TO PICK ON YOU, FRENCH YOUR BED AND NAIL YOUR SHOES TO THE FLOOR!

SHE'S REGISTERED IN NEW YORK CITY AS A DEADLY WEAPON!

AND NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR IT, EITHER!

CAMP ARAMAPOOPOO

Nestled high on a lush mountain in Pennsylvania, Camp Aramapoopoo offers a carefree active summer for your child. Our camp has long been famous for its well-rounded program of athletics, supervised by Uncle Bulljock, a former professional athlete.

Situated on picturesque Lake Wappencheecheeglopp, Camp Aramapoopoo features movies every Saturday, food just like the Indians once ate, and social dances with its sister camp, Camp Yippeedoodoo. Camp Aramapoopoo is a friendly place, filled with happy campers living in comfortable modern bunks. The food is tastefully prepared by our Master Chef, and your child's health needs are supervised by Aunt Ilsa, who is a Registered Nurse. Send your child to Camp Aramapoopoo, and he will never forget you for it.

A MOUNTAIN OF SMOLDERING COAL SLAG.

THE COUNSELORS ARE WELL-ROUNDED EACH BEING FROM 20 TO 50 POUNDS OVERWEIGHT.

THAT'S INDIAN FOR "THE LAKE THAT DIED FROM DOODY"!

IT'S THE SAME MOVIE ALL SEASON LONG: "THE EXCITEMENT OF LEATHERCRAFT"!

FORMER MIGRANT WORKER SHACKS THAT WERE CONDEMNED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE!

A SANITATION WORKER! IN WINTER HE MAKES PICKUPS... IN SUMMER HE MAKES—DELIVERIES!

A WANT AD

SO GOOD THAT NO ONE IN THE FIRM COULD THINK OF A SON OR A NEPHEW TO TAKE THIS COCKAMAMIE JOB, SO THEY RAN AN AD IN THE PAPER TO CATCH A SUCKER.

BUSINESS TRAINEE

Excellent opportunity for a bright young person willing to start at the very bottom. No experience is necessary. Just ambition and a strong desire to get the job done. Salary open. Our office is convenient to transportation. Chance to learn the exciting field of finance awaits the person who can fill the bill. Call in AM for appointment.

555-0809

WHICH MEANS IF YOU REALLY MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION, YOU GET THE MINIMUM WAGE!

YOUR FIRST LESSON WILL COME WHEN YOU TRY TO COLLECT YOUR PAY CHECK AT THE END OF THE WEEK!

BY THE AFTERNOON, THE ENTIRE BUSINESS MAY HAVE DISAPPEARED!

AND STAY THERE!

THEY NEED A DUMMY WHO CAN'T COMPARE THIS LOUSY JOB TO ANYTHING HE'S HAD!

THIS JOB IS ANYTHING THE BOSS WANTS YOU TO DO FROM CLEANING TOILETS TO DRIVING HIS WIFE DOWNTOWN!

RIGHT NEXT TO THE SANTA FE R.R. STOCKYARDS. IT'S CONVENIENT IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE A HEAD OF CATTLE!

A WEDDING INVITATION

Mr. and Mrs. Duane Fairfax
take great pleasure
in announcing
the wedding
of their daughter
Melanie Beth
to
Mr. Elliot Weemsborough
on
October 24th, 1977
at
St Czonka Church
A reception will follow
at
Pierre Française Manor
R. S. V. P.

A SKATEBOARD WARRANTY

THIS MEANS YOU MUST KEEP THE RECEIPT FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE! ALSO, IF YOUR PARENTS BOUGHT THE SKATEBOARD FOR YOU, IT IS ACTUALLY *THEIR* SKATEBOARD, NOT YOURS. AND THE COMPANY CAN NOT TAKE ANY RESPONSIBILITY FOR SKATEBOARDS LOANED TO OTHER PEOPLE!

THE SKATEBOARD CAN ONLY BE CLASSIFIED AS NOT FUNCTIONING IF 3 OR MORE WHEELS FAIL TO ROTATE, OR 3 OR MORE WHEELS HAVE FALLEN OFF ENTIRELY!

IT WILL COST YOU FOUR BUCKS TO MAIL THE THING BACK TO THE MANUFACTURER!

GONIFF SKATEBOARD
LIFETIME
WARRANTY

This Warranty is in effect as long as you own your Goniff Skateboard. It covers any defective parts, or any parts that may become defective from normal wear and tear. If the skateboard fails to function, return it along with this Warranty to: The Goniff Skateboard Company Rte. 6 South, Secaucus, New Jersey. (Allow five weeks for servicing)

YOU MAY THINK THAT IF A SKATEBOARD BREAKS WHEN YOU STAND ON IT, IT IS DEFECTIVE, BUT THE MANUFACTURER WILL NOT! AND WHO KNOWS SKATEBOARDS BETTER THAN THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THEM.

NORMAL WEAR AND TEAR MEANS RIDING ON IT ONLY IN A STRAIGHT LINE ON SOFT CARPETING, KEEPING IT AT ROOM TEMPERATURE AND LUBRICATING IT TWICE DAILY WITH IMPORTED TIBETAN YAK OIL!

ONCE YOU SEND THEM THE WARRANTY, YOU NO LONGER HAVE IT,.. DO YOU?

WHAT KID CAN GO FIVE WEEKS WITHOUT HIS SKATEBOARD?! YOU KNOW YOU'LL DRIVE YOUR FOLKS CRAZY TO BUY ANOTHER ONE IN THREE DAYS! SO WHEN THE MANUFACTURER DOESN'T RETURN YOUR OLD ONE, YOU WON'T EVEN NOTICE BECAUSE YOU'LL HAVE BOUGHT A NEW ONE!

GREAT PLEASURE?!? THEY'RE THRILLED BEYOND BELIEF THAT THEIR DAUGHTER, WHO HAS BEEN LIVING IN SIN FOR TWO YEARS IS FINALLY LEGALIZING IT!

THE KIDS HAVE WRITTEN THEIR OWN CEREMONY CONSISTING OF CHANTING DAVID BOWIE'S LATEST HIT SINGLE AND SWAPPING ROACH TEE SHIRTS!

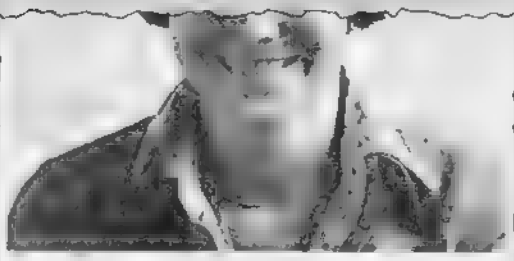
THIS IS THE FIRST AND PROBABLY THE LAST TIME THE FAIRFAX'S WILL REFER TO ELLIOT AS "*MISTER*"! THEY USUALLY CALL HIM "*THAT PERVERT*"!

THIS WILL GIVE THEM SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE THE BABY COMES! THE FAIRFAX'S PRAY THAT THEIR FRIENDS EITHER FORGET THE DATE, OR CAN'T COUNT!

ST. CZONKA CHURCH WAS THE KID'S IDEA! IT'S LOCATED IN A TREE!

THIS MEANS "PLEASE TELL US YOU CAN'T COME SO WE CAN SAVE MONEY, BUT SEND A WEDDING GIFT ANYWAY!

A YEARBOOK ENTRY



DORA SHICKSA

One of the most popular gals among the faculty at Finster High is Dora Shicksa. Nick-named "Bunny" because of the cute way her nose moves whenever she laughs, Dora has beaus aplenty, including star quarterback Rick Brock. Some of Dora's extra-curricular activities include the Drama Club, where she won attention for her memorable performance in "Oklahoma," and the Camera Club, where her pictures have won her an enthusiastic following. Writing is Dora's hobby, and she's real good at it, too. When she graduates, she wants to go to U.C.L.A., where she plans to study Anatomy. Dora's favorite motto is, "In God We Trust."

SHE PUTS OUT FOR TEACHERS!

HER NOSE DOESN'T BUDGE! SHE'S CALLED "*BUNNY*" FOR MORE OBVIOUS REASONS!

WHO GOES OUT WITH HER ONLY AFTER HE FAILS TO SCORE WITH GLORIA EPPS, HIS STEADY GIRLFRIEND!

SHE WAS IN THE CHORUS, BUT WON ATTENTION WHEN SHE HIGH-KICKED WITHOUT WEARING ANY PANTIES!

SHE POSES IN THE NUDE!

SHE WROTE THE FAMOUS GRAFITTI IN THE PHONE BOOTH: "*WANT ACTION--CALL DORA-555-3421*"!

NOT IN THE CLASSROOM--IN THE CO-ED DORM!

WHICH MEANS SHE SOMETIMES FORGETS TO TAKE THE PILL!

A CHARITY LETTER

IT COSTS 45¢ TO PRINT STUFF AND MAIL EACH OF THESE BEGGING LETTERS!

WE NEED IT TO AT LEAST BREAK EVEN ON THIS EXPENSIVE CAMPAIGN!

BUT ONLY A SECOND! IF YOU THINK ANY LONGER, YOU'LL REALIZE THAT THIS IS JUST ANOTHER SLICK HYPE JOB!

SOME PEOPLE ARE LUCKY!

YOU'RE NOT! ACTUALLY YOU'RE HELPING THE FUND RAISER WHO GETS A HUGE PERCENTAGE OF THE TAKE...PLUS HIS EXPENSES WHICH LEAVES ABOUT 3 CENTS ON EVERY DOLLAR FOR THE SCHOOL.

San Fernando School Of Podiatry
Box 2295 New York, N.Y. 10095

Dear Sir:

Today, it costs a great deal of money to run a school!

To put it frankly, we need money... a lot of money!

Think for a second! What if--God forbid--someone in your family, some loved one, should suddenly need a Podiatrist in the middle of the night, and there is no one to call--It could happen... because there simply are not enough Podiatrists to go around, leaving many people without their services.

The San Fernando School of Podiatry trains young people and helps them get their degrees so they can go out into their communities.

So when you contribute, don't think that you're just helping a school! You may be helping yourself!

Thank you,

Roscoe Knipe

Roscoe Knipe, Dean

A "*FAMILY MEMBER*" AND A "*LOVED ONE*" ARE NOT NECESSARILY THE SAME THING. THIS APPEAL IS TO THE GUY WHO FOOLS AROUND AS WELL AS TO THE SOLID FAMILY MAN!

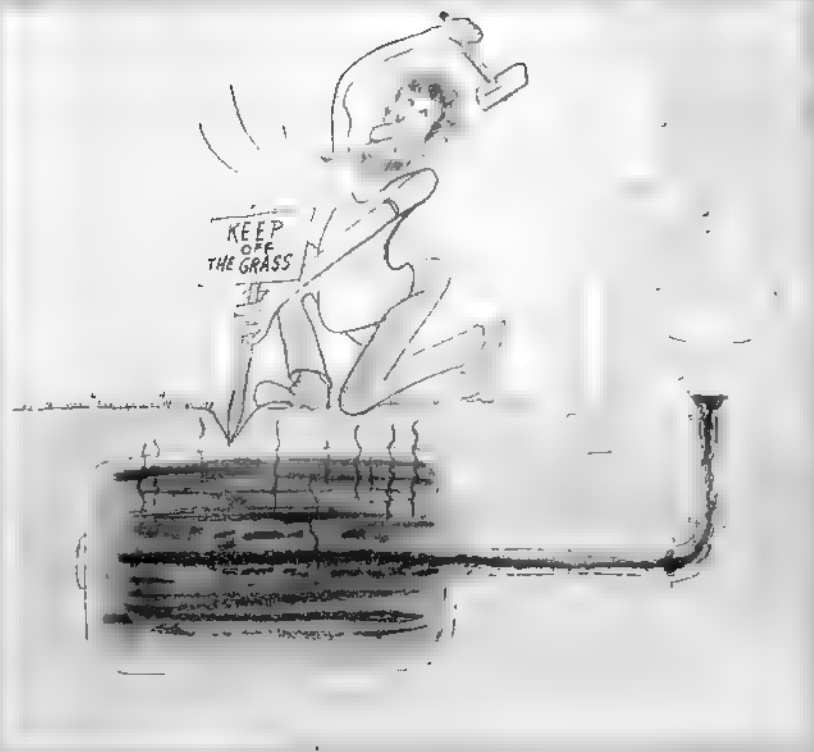
CALL YOUR OLD AUNT! SHE'LL PROBABLY HELP YOU AS MUCH, AND IT WON'T COST YOU $50!

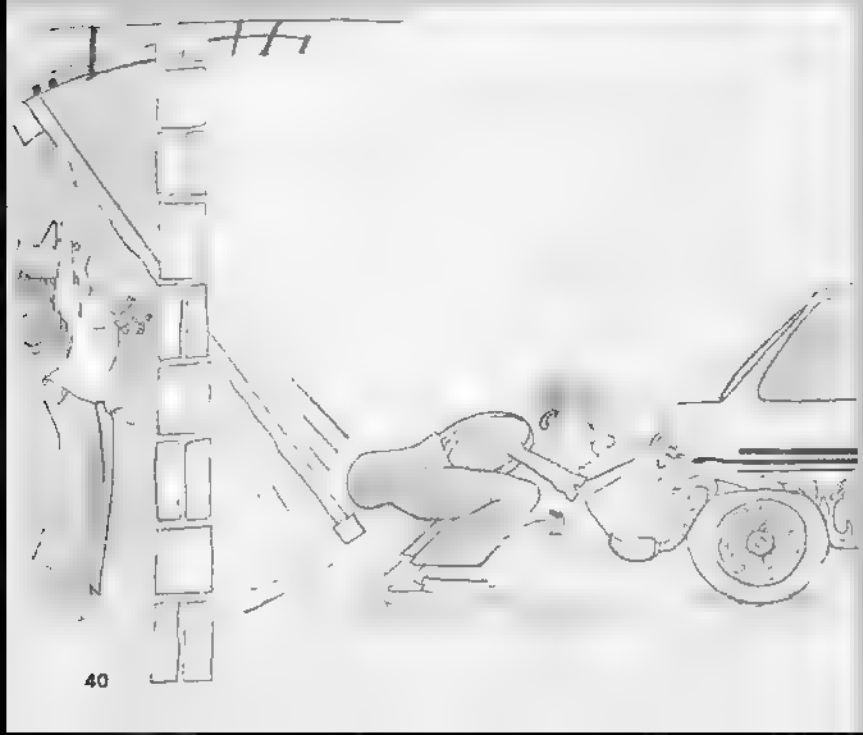
AND GOLF ON COMMUNITY COURSES, AND DRIVE THEIR ROLLS ROYCES ON COMMUNITY ROADS, AND SAIL THEIR BIG BOATS ON COMMUNITY LAKES!

P.S. EVEN IF YOU DON'T CONTRIBUTE, PLEASE KEEP THE ATTRACTIVE KEY CHAIN AS A GIFT FROM A FRIEND!

ZINGS TO COME DEPT.

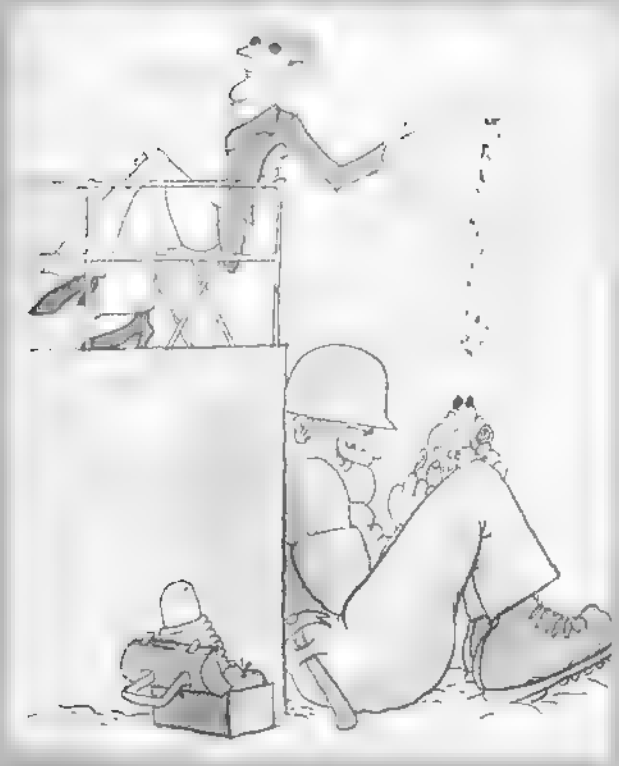
A MAD LOO Moment Before

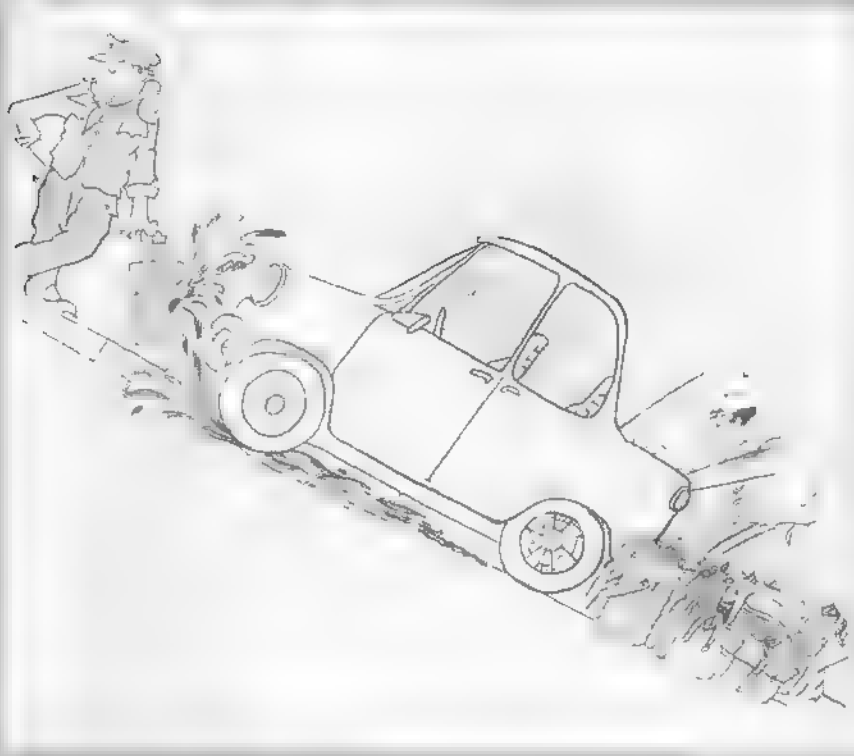


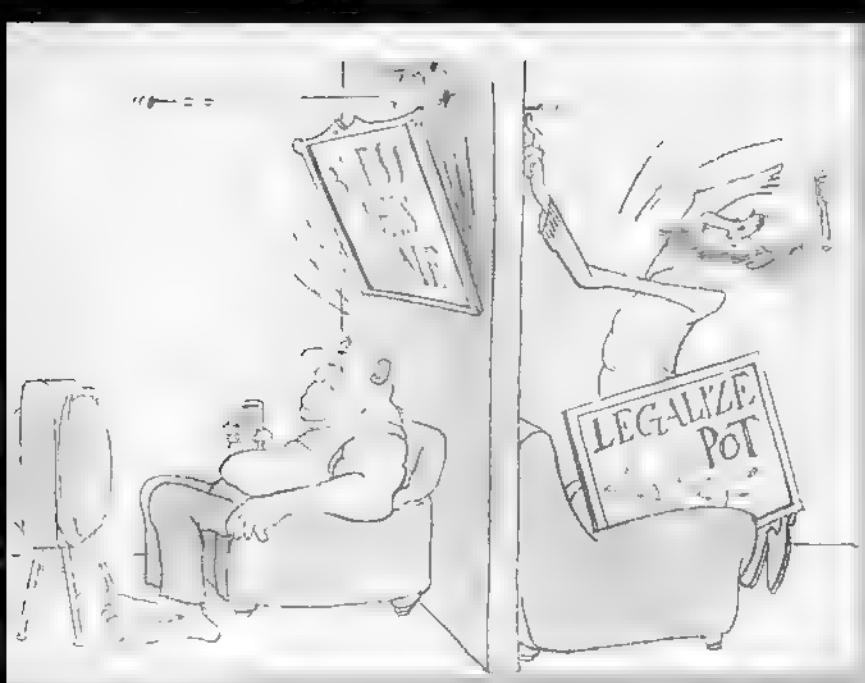


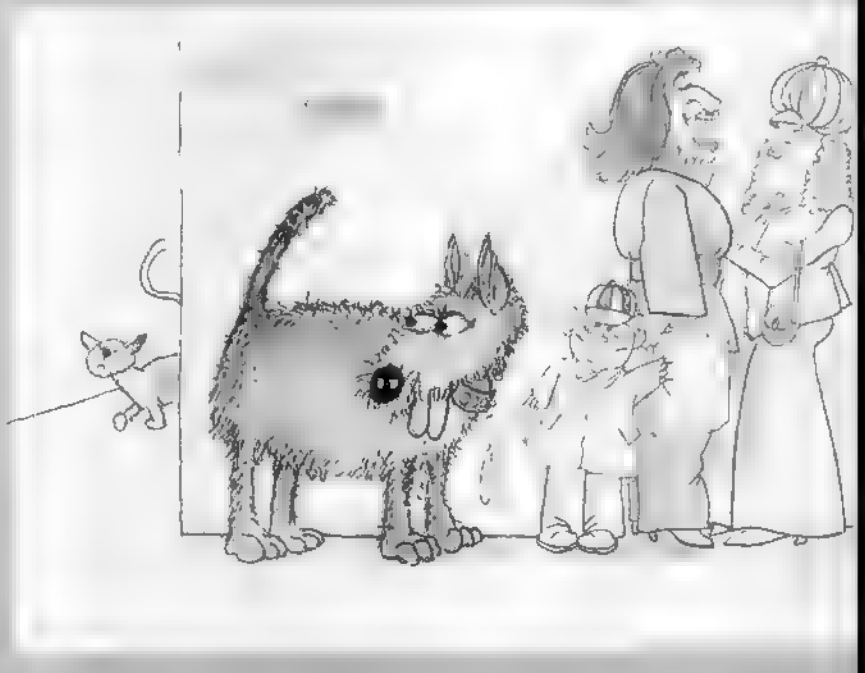
K AT THE
The Disaster

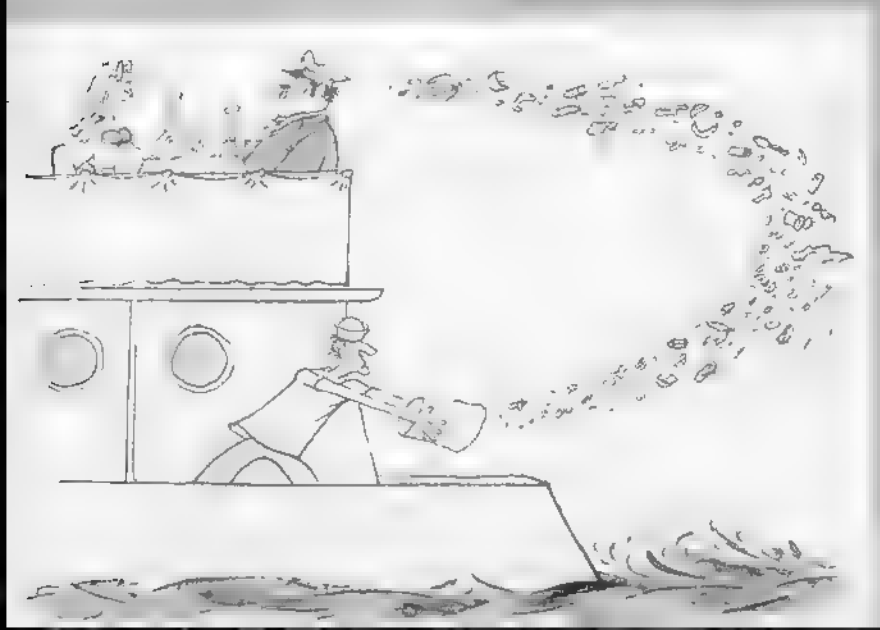
ARTIST ■ WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES






LEGALIZE
POT

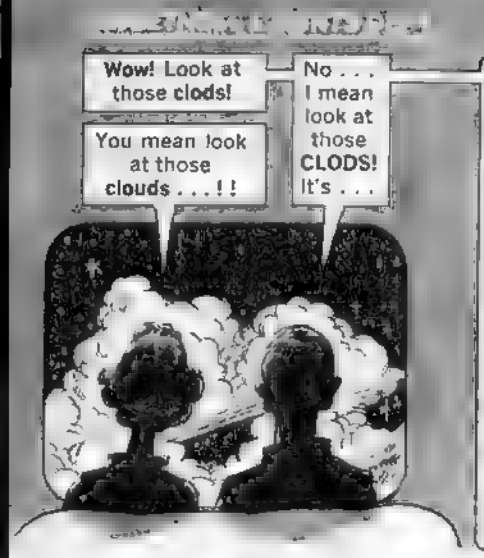


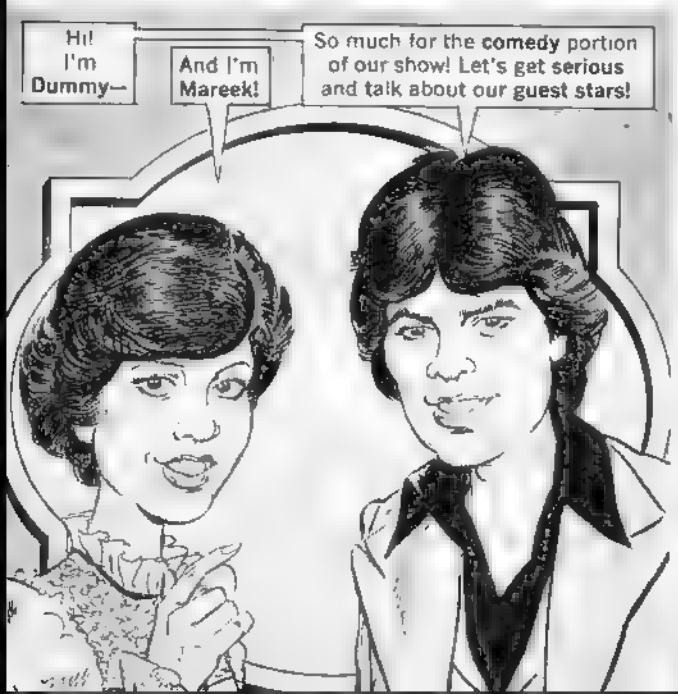


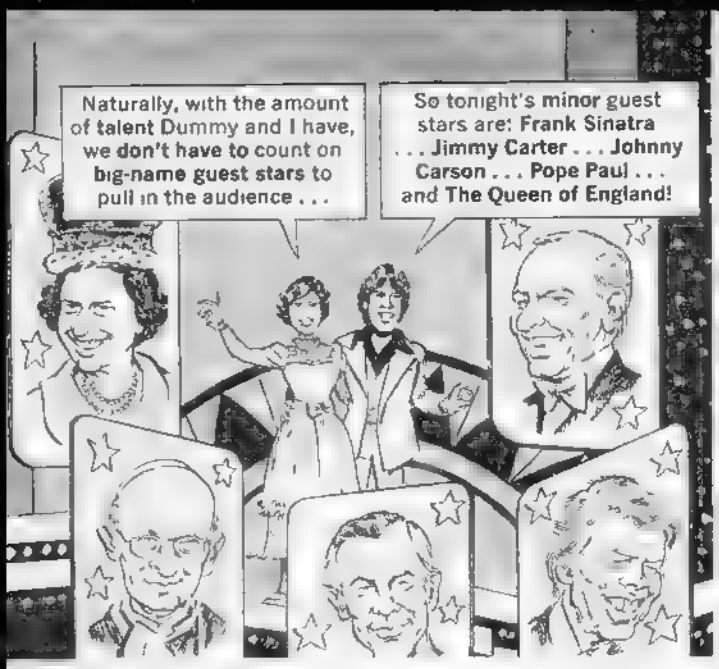
HIS
HERS
POPPET

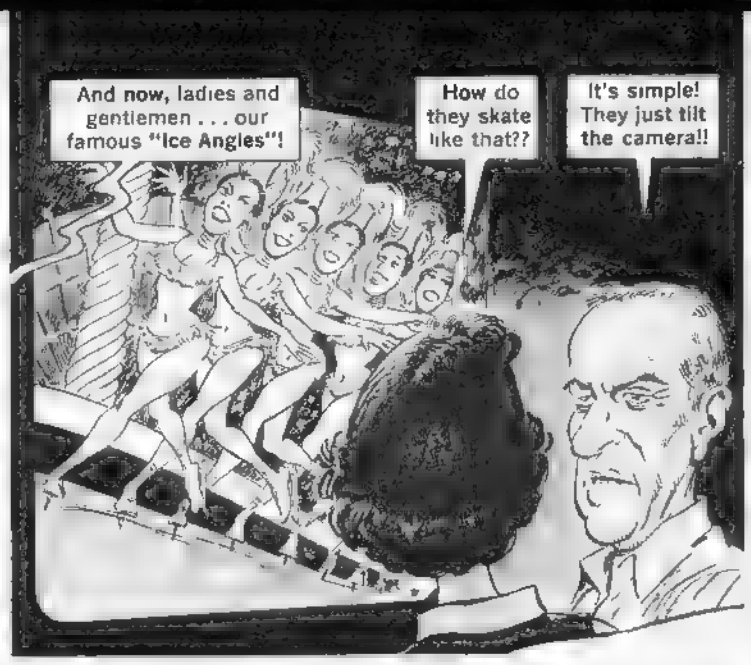
THE DUMMY & MAREEK SHOW

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

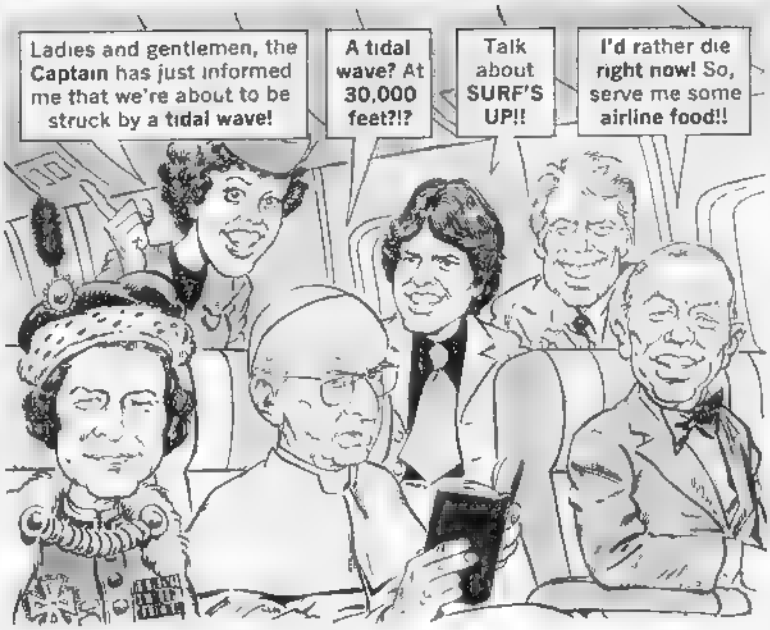





Naturally, with the amount of talent Dummy and I have, we don't have to count on big-name guest stars to pull in the audience . . .
So tonight's minor guest stars are: Frank Sinatra . . . Jimmy Carter . . . Johnny Carson . . . Pope Paul . . . and The Queen of England!


And now, ladies and gentlemen . . . our famous "Ice Angles"!
How do they skate like that??
It's simple! They just tilt the camera!!

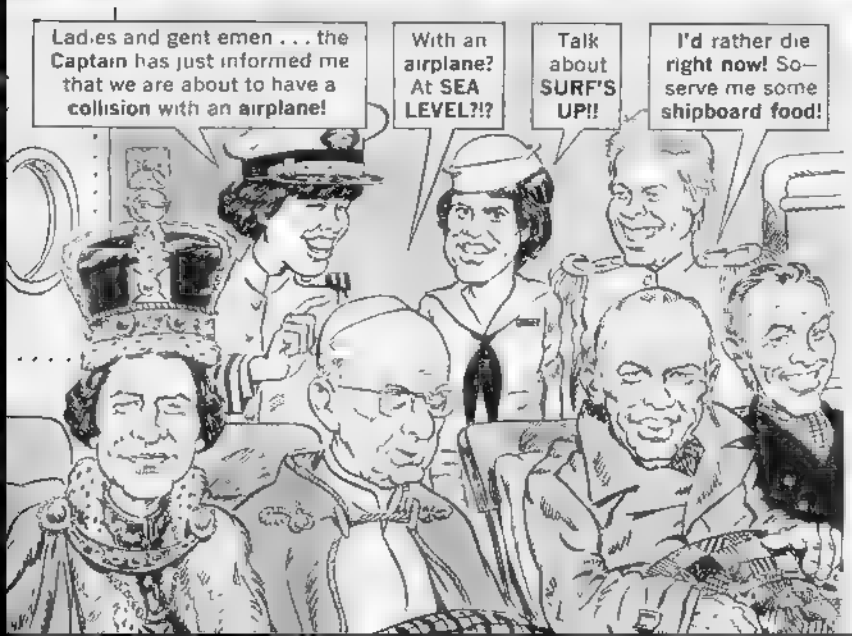
Skating on ice that's on an angle like this is just MURDER!
You'd think the Producer would come up with the idea of just tilting the camera!
WOW! LOOK WHAT'S COMING UP NEXT!
(Besides Your Dinner, That Is!)
A DUMMY AND MAREEK COMEDY SKETCH!
(This is the only clue you get!)


Ladies and gentlemen, the Captain has just informed me that we're about to be struck by a tidal wave!
A tidal wave? At 30,000 feet?!?
Talk about SURF'S UP!!
I'd rather die right now! So, serve me some airline food!!

Is this supposed to be a take-off of the movie, "AIRPORT"??
If it is . . . they have a long way to go! "Airport" was much funnier!!
FLY ME

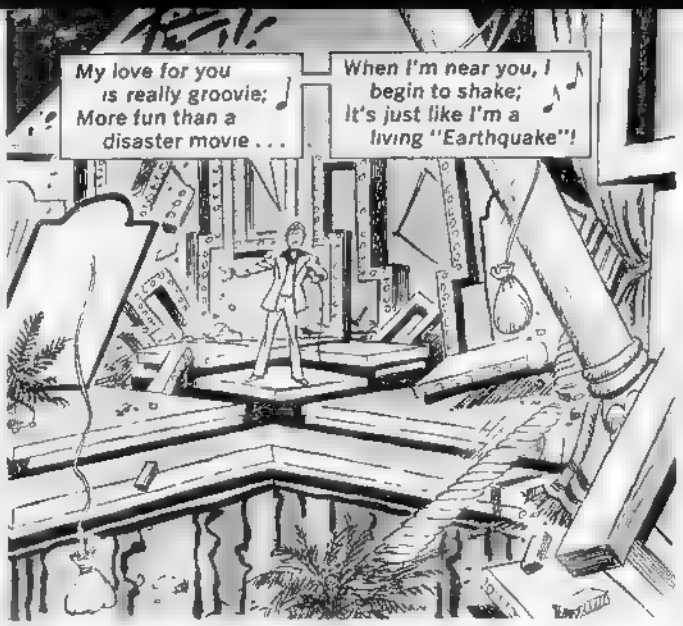
And now folks . . . some REAL ENTERTAINMENT . . .
Here come the COMMERCIALS!!

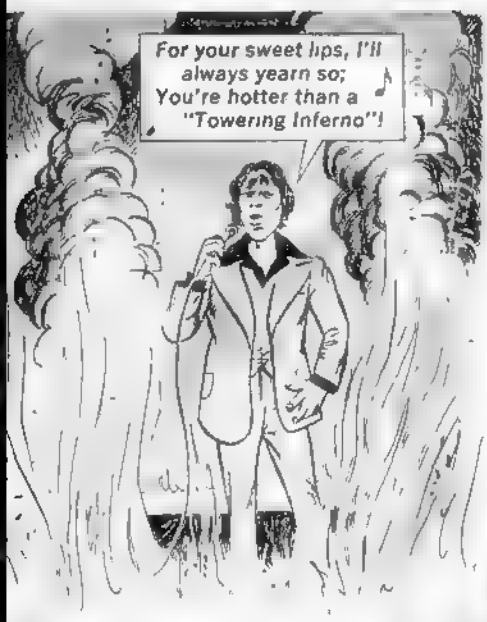
NEXT ON YOUR SCREEN: Another Comedy Sketch! (This will be your only warning!)

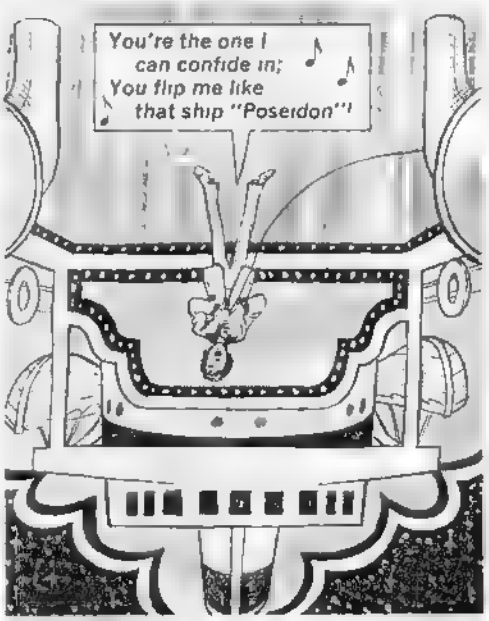


I'm sure, at this point, you're probably saying to each other, "Gosh, but Dummy and Mareek have been so **wonderful**, with their **skating** and their **singing** and their **jokes** and their **acting** and their **playing musical instruments** . . . but **now**, how about a little **ENTERTAINMENT?!**" Well, Dummy and Mareek Osmundane are **not** going to monopolize the **entire hour!** No sir! And so, ladies and gentlemen, welcome **JAKE Osmundane** . . .

. . And pay attention to the **subtle production** we give Jake's number . . . to take your attention away from his **voice!!**







As you know, on every show, we have a **huge "theme" finale!** In the past, we've had as our themes such **dynamic subjects** as **Movies, Broadway, Circus,** and like that! And **then** there were weeks when we had to resort to **lesser** "themes" like **Air** and **Lint!** Well . . . **tonight's** wild, wacky, way out "theme" is **"TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION"!**

Close your eyes and you will love it, You may rise up well above it!

Try the world's best medication . . . "TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION"!

You'll free your mind; You'll free your spirit; For "Hare Krishna" . . . Come on, let's hear it!

Keep your Paris: Keep your Rome, Be it ever so humble, There's no place like OM!

Oh, give me an OM That my Guru can moan—

All the folks at GM Are busy doing TM! Gm women Gm men . . Looking for WHY, WHERE and ZEN!

Close your eyes and you will love it! You can rise up well above it! Move from simple meditation Right to advanced levitation!

You'll escape Earth's gravitation!

Transcendental

Med-i-tation!

That certainly was a really "uplifting" finale, wasn't it, Mareek?

Yes! And now we've come to the end of another one of our six hour specials!

Gee, Mareek, our show is only an hour!!

Yes, but it seems like six to our viewers!!

Zzzzz

May your tomorrow be a better day! And it will with us out of your way!

May the good Lord keep you safe from strife and pain; And for penance next week make you watch us again!

Well, that's it . . . except for our big closing boffo one-liner . . .

You delivered it last week, Dummy! Let me deliver it this week . . .

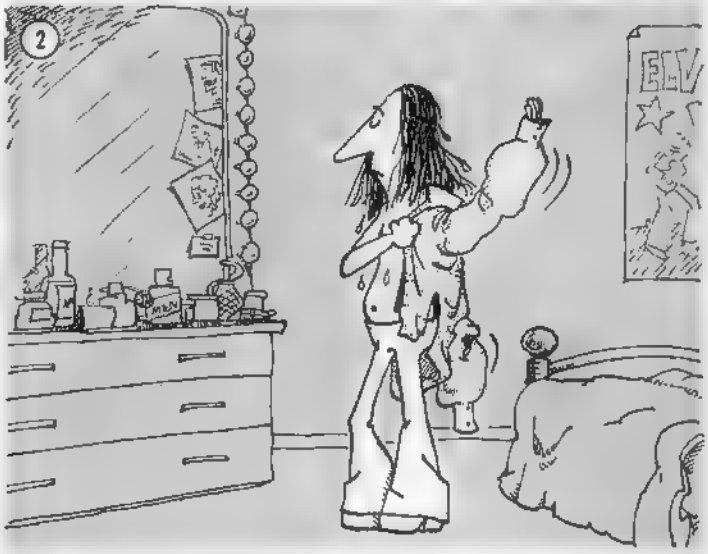
Okay, Sure, Mareek! Go!!

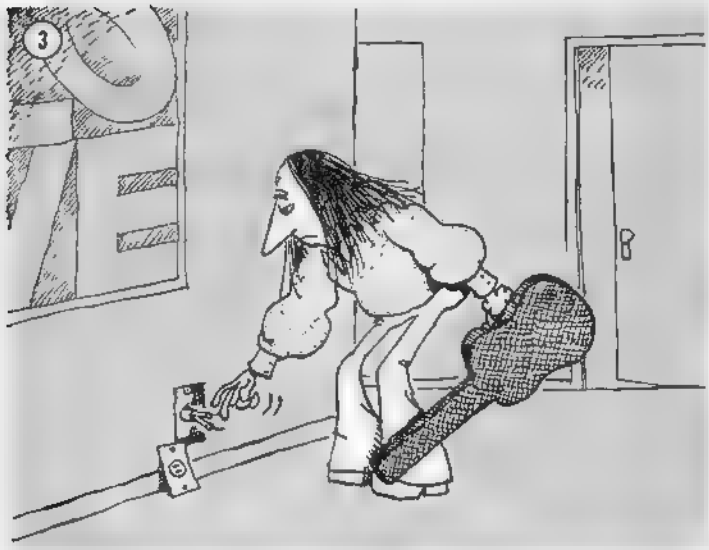
Good night, everybody!!

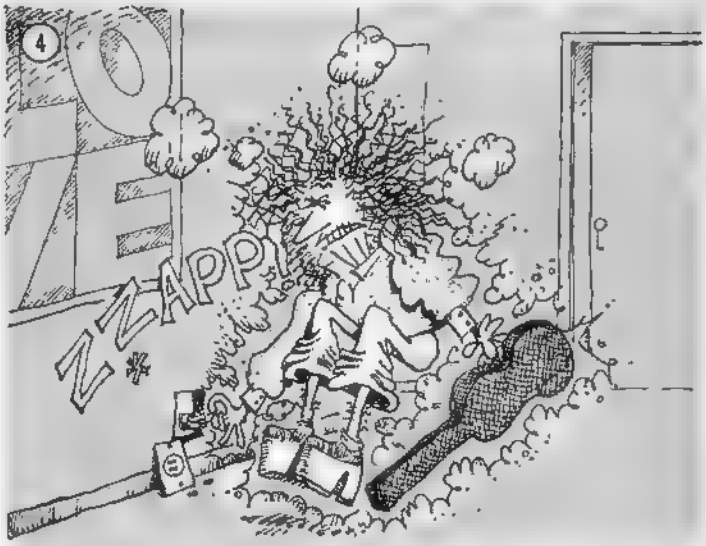
THE PRODUCERS WOULD LIKE TO THANK ALL THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THIS SHOW THE HIT IT IS! NO, NOT THE PROFESSIONALS WHO WORK ON THE SHOW . . . BUT THE IDIOTS WHO GIVE US THE LAUGHTER . . . THE SHILLS WHO GIVE US THOSE TONS OF EXTRA APPLAUSE . . . AND THE SUB-NORMALS OUT THERE WHO WATCH US AND GIVE US THOSE FANTASTIC RATINGS!!

SOCKET TO 'EM DEPT.

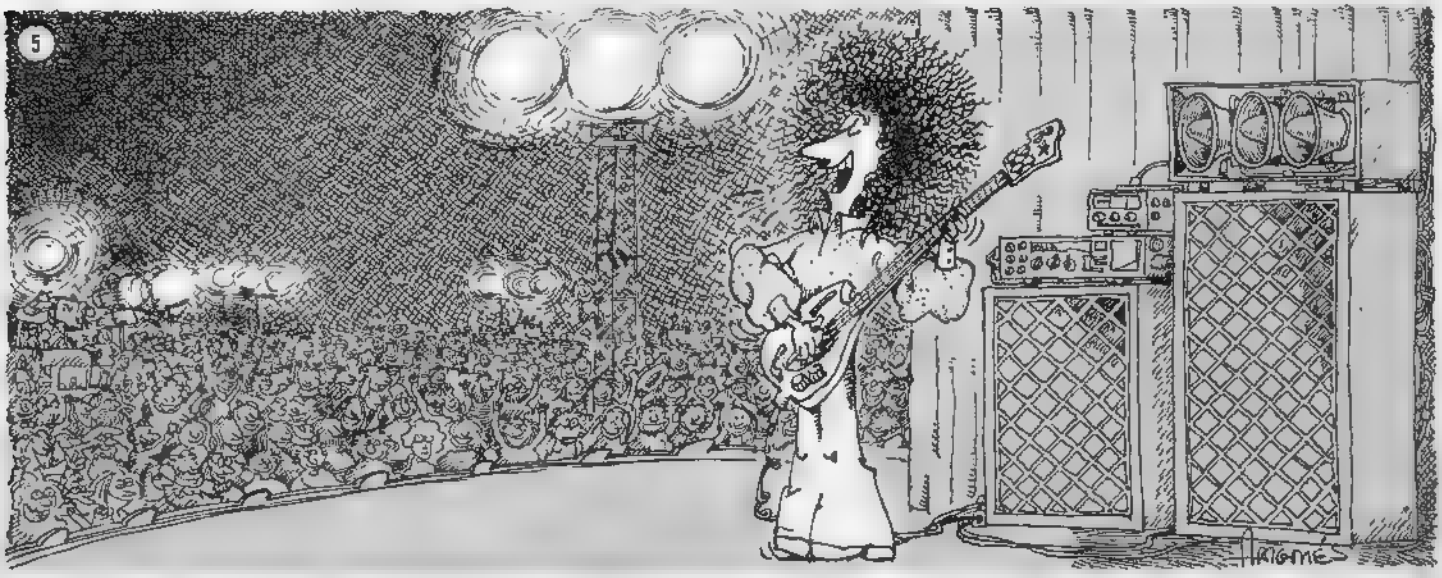
BEFORE THE ROCK CONCERT







ARTIST & WRITER SERGIO ARAGONES



Nothing to see here!

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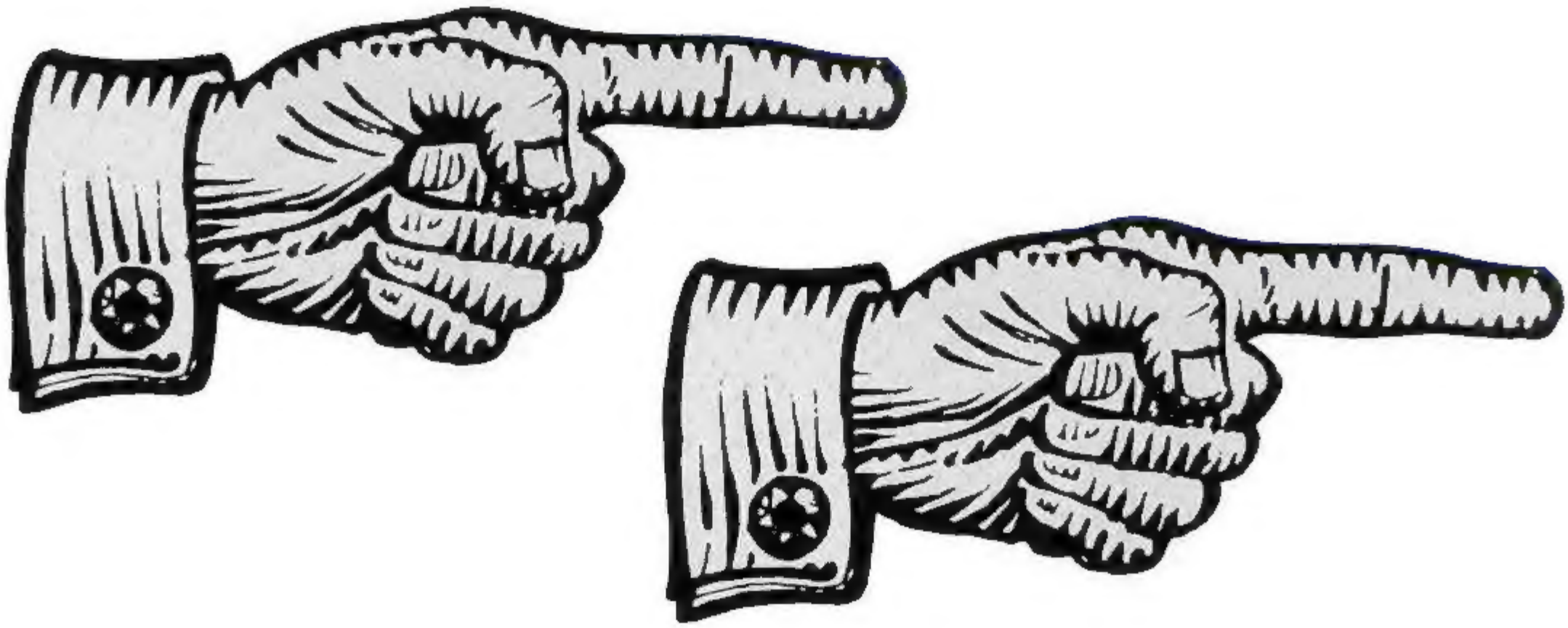


WHAT VOLATILE INGREDIENTS— NOW BEING FORMULATED— ARE SURE TO CAUSE FUTURE CATASTROPHES?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

It's always a mystery why human beings are constantly developing new formulas guaranteed to cause future disasters. To find out what one such formula is, fold in the page as shown at the right.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

RESPONSIBLE SCIENTISTS EVERYWHERE ARE AFRAID THAT CHINESE, RUSSIAN, ARAB, OR AMERICAN RADICALS WILL ACQUIRE DEADLY WEAPONS. A SPECIAL POLICE FORCE IS NEEDED TO CONTROL THESE ENEMIES

A▸ ◂B

WHAT VOLATILE INGREDIENTS— NOW BEING FORMULATED— ARE SURE TO CAUSE FUTURE CATASTROPHES?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

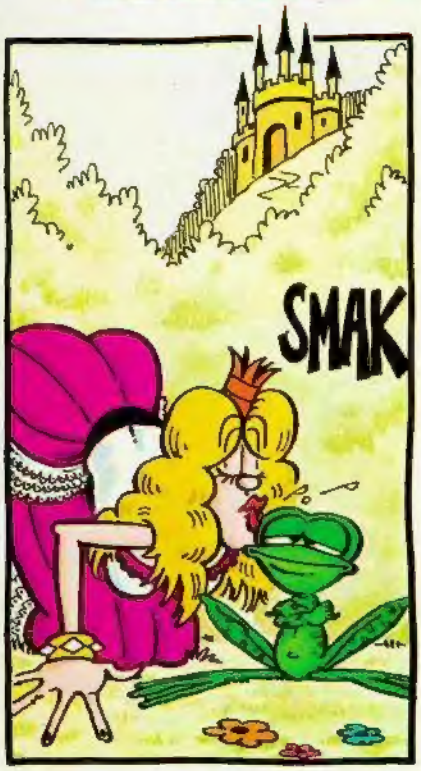
AFRICAN RACIAL POLICIES

A|◀B

MORE

SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE FROG PRINCE)



ARTIST: DON MARTIN WRITER: AL JAFFEE